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FOREST

LEAVES

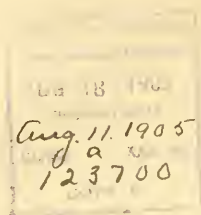
POEMS BY

WILLIAM PENN SHOCKLEY, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

This little book is launched out upon the great sea of public readers with the hope that it will meet with a favorable reception. This is the author's first attempt at interesting this great body of readers, being the first issue of a collection of his poems. Many of the poems have a local color, but only such as is usually universal. Kind treatment of an author's first publication is always appreciated.

The sentiments and subjects dealt with are such as spring perennially in the human heart, and continue as long as life. Love, joy, hope, grief, humor, work and play largely constitute the round of human existence. The author has written of all in the truest vein possible, and fully believes that this book will elevate the life of any one who reads it.

WILLIAM PENN SHOCKLEY, ESQ.

Dover, Delaware, August, 1905.



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William Penn Shockley.

POEMS.

PATHS.

O bright is the sun after showers, the spring after winter has gone;

The cerulean tints of the heavens after grey of the dawn disappears;

O lovely the bow of God's promise, smiling peace to the warfare of heaven;

For the paths to the beauties of earth often lie through the vales of her tears.

The sorrowing heart 'neath its burden of pain feels its anguish disappear,

As the answer is had from the lips of our God to the "heart's sincere desire;"

The purified soul with its surcease of sorrow knows well the price of joy;

That the paths to the best things in life often lie through sorrow's cleansing fire.

The paths of the sinner e'er lie through the valley of the shadow of death;

Not a gleam of the light of God's glory dispels the thick gloom of his sadness;

Nor the warmth of the sunlight of mercy e'er charms that funeral train,

As it marches silently onward to end in the tomb of its madness.

No hope have this train till they bury themselves in the billows of love,

That break on the shores of God's kingdom with heavenly music rare;

And reappear like the glorified saints when washed in the blood of the lamb,

Refulgent and bright, and adorned to inhabit His palaces fair.

The course of earth's conquerors lie e'er through avenues lined
with the dead;

Their chargers relentlessly splashing the blood of the slayer
and slain;

O the depth of the misery inflicted at the touch of the con-
queror's sword;

Though earth is the poorer for this, yet is heaven the rich-
er in gain.

Observe ye the dews of affection, the holiest speech of the heart;
And, lo, the fair tears of repentance, most beautiful vision
of life;

Bright gems on the portals of heaven, beloved by the God of
our being;

These, these, prove that heaven lies beyond the dusk shades
of the vales of our strife.

The way of our Lord o'er Judean hills, bearing His terrible
cross,

Was cruel indeed; for sharp stones pierced His feet as He
went up the mount;

And the weight of the cross bore Him low to the earth as His
weariness grew.

God's purpose required Him ascend and the death on the
cross to surmount.

More terrible was the full knowledge that He was the sacrifice
given;

That the cruel tree should bear His form, innocent and void
of any sin;

Strong anguish bore Him low to earth many times on that hill
storm-riven,

For his breaking heart was the cross that preceeded the
crown He should win.

NASTURTIIUMS.

My nasturtium bed is laden
With blossoms gorgeously tinted;
They peeped when the spring was snowy;
When summer was young they glinted.

I love them because of their beauty;
Their fragrance and bloom me invite;
I love them because I can pluck them
To my full heart's content and delight.

I love them because on the morrow,
Though I pluck all their blossoms to-day,
I'll see them as beauteously arrayed
As ever hung blossoming spray.

'Tis some satisfaction, I hold,
To a lover as pressing as I,
To ne'er have your heart-joy stinted
With e'en a fair floral melody.

PERENNIALS.

I have my garden planted long ago,
When time and I were younger than are now;
Somewhat old fashioned are the flowers there,—
Perennials, blooming gayly every year.

I have another garden planted, aye
Been planted as the years have ushered by
My every friendship, hope, accomplishment,—
Perennials with perfume redolent.

THE LADY OF THE MORN.

The hour is half past five at morn;
No cloud flecks heaven's arch of blue,
Save patch of rose and line of gold—
The glory of the rose-blown dawn.
The season of the orchard flowers
Hath given way to that of fruit.

The passion-pines upon the strand
Sigh for the lady of the morn,
So blushful mid the wilding wood;
The pines so lone amid the gold
Weep for the lady of the dawn,
The lady mid the passion-pines.

The lady of the golden morn
Wakes from her sleep beside the strand,
So rose-flushed, wildful, passionate;
She riseth from her silvery couch
And walketh mid the passion-pines
Upon an ancient, endless quest.

The sea-winds leap from billowed beds,
And furrow o'er the fallow floods—
The ancient pools of the mallard brood;
They walk in moody pride the strand,
The wave-plashed, sea-laved, golden floors,
The spacious, shining, surf-swept shores.

The ancient raven, seated long
Amid the wild, sententious pines,
Announces with the blithest heart
The glories of the lady fair,
Who lingers long, and sighs the while,
Amid the yearful passion-pines.

Thy sighs so blent with passion bent
Set strumming all the lutes of gold
Adown the avenue of pines,
O lady of the golden morn,
Walking breast high amid the pines,
At pink of dawn the golden strand.

Why sighest thou upon the way,
 O fair, sweet lady of the morn,
With hoodless face, once hooded full,
 And mantle streaming in thy quest?
Art thou disconsolate for love
 Neglected, or for lover lost?

Or sighest thou o'er beach-blown graves,
 Long requiemed by returning tides,
And shone upon by mournful moons
 The while, since all designs of fate
Were blent in one rich, rare design,
 To end thy never-ending quest?

O tell, sweet lady of the morn,
 What seekest thou amid the pines?
Seek'st thou the message of the winds,
 That send with foamy throat the waves;
The reason the blithe raven sings;
 Or whelm of flood, or clutch of fire?

May'st voyage thou the fallow flood
 Thy craft amid propitious gales;
And wilt thy quest end only then,
 When thou dost penetrate the veil
Beyond this transitory scene,
 Meet times and seasons face to face?

O fair, sweet lady of the morn,
 Walking breast-high amid the pines,
Hast thou the darkling raven taught
 To croak her fabled ancients?
Hast taught the pine trees' silvery lute
 To thrum so mystically sweet?

Farewell, O mournful lady fair,
 Thy fruitless quest give end, give pause;
From wearied walks amid the pines
 Refrain, nor suffer thou the more;
Adorn with rose thy pallid brow,
 And linger long amid the pines.

NAIN.

O'er Esdraelon's fair plains this side the sea,
 Upon whose fallow lands the cattle graze,
 The western orb shone fair in all its splendor.
 Beyond the gleaming caps of Carmel's peaks,
 The brush of heavenly art was busied o'er the scene,
 Intoning the ætherial canvas of the sky,
 Retouching without pause the splendor rare;
 Compelling unbelief to pause awhile,
 And wonder at the artist's wondrous skill.
 O'er all the cities of the plain the shadows crept
 From vantage point to hill, from hill to plain;
 And down the darkling streets of habitations fair,
 Or sullen, of man's abode, they silently swept.
 The shadow of an earthly scene fell o'er
 The dwelling place of many a hopeless man,
 And none more hopeless and despairing than
 The dwellers of the ancient city Nain.

CHRIST COMETH.

He comes with healing on his wings,
 At eventide, as at the morn.
 O Nain, immortal city! thou
 Didst see the Christ his works perform,—
 The healing of the sick; the dead
 Restored; the broken hearts bound up;
 The scattering of the gospel seed;
 The springing blade; the opening bud;
 The fruit of all the works performed
 By Him who came the labors of
 The world to lighten; hearts to heal;
 Souls, steeped in the vain despair of
 Unbelief and non-belief,
 Raised to their proper dignity
 In Jesus Christ, their Lord, and King.

CHRIST'S PURPOSE.

Christ came to heal the sin-sick soul;
 To recreate anew the whole.
 Man may in Him renew his life,
 And ever conquer in the strife.
 Rejuvenate mortality,
 And gain an immortality.

IN REMEMBRANCE: WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Lay, citizens! a wreath upon his bier!
The bier where lies a martyred son of God;
Approach with bowed heads, and do not fear
To weep a flood of tears where angels trod.

A goodly man was he to reconcile
The direful ills of earth to His great will;
Approach, and pay thy tribute, without guile,
In coin of honor, and obedience, still.

Let no perfidious heart approach him there,
As did that false one while he yet did live;

Let every true man his affection share,
Nor hesitate, or love, or sympathy, to give.

.

A TRIBUTE: THOMAS B. COURSEY.

We hail thee, Coursey, noblest of them all!
We hail thee patriot, crowned beyond compare
With green old age—with manly virtue rare—
With honor, coronet of principle.

Though fickle fortune smile or frown on thee,
When duty calls, nought turns thee from her course;
Like gliding mill-stream with its moving force,
Thy thought—thy word—thy deed continuously.

Example bright, of what a man can be
Within the sphere of frail mortality,
Thy rounded orb descending steadily,
Serenely burns, and glows resplendantly.

THE LADY OF THE MOON.

The robins' brood have flown away;
The time is half-past seven at eve;
The golden, early, eastern moon,
So golden, round, and passionful,
Shone down the avenue of trees
Into the southern casement door.

So fair the lady of the moon
Doth walk amid the sighing trees,
So coldly sighing, passionless;
The blissful lady of the moon
Doth seek among the sighing trees,
So coldly sighing, passionless.

The poplar and the maple trees
Sigh for the lady of the moon,
So golden, round, and passionful;
The poplar and the maple trees
Embrace the lady of the moon,
So golden, round, and passionful.

These are but cold returnings for
Thy golden glances passionful,
Sweet lady, fair lady of the moon.
Icy kisses wake no responses,
Icy sighings die on the breath,
For thee, O lady of the moon.

Canst thou not charm the passionful
Adown the avenue of sighs?
Is this denied thee, lady fair,
So golden, round, and passionful?
Is this the reason for the sighings
Within the gloaming of the wood?

Are thy steps nightly thus delayed
In the vain search, a useless quest,
Yet happy one of love, fair one?
Dost thou assume the hooded face
To cover thy more pallid brow,
As disappointment nightly grows?

And wilt thou die at last of love,
Enfolded in the shroud of night,
Forsaken, and forsaking all,
Sweet lady of the eastern moon,
So golden, round, and passionate,
Sweet lady with the golden smile?

And wilt thou never more, O fair,
Sweet lady of the golden moon,
Return unto the casement door,
To greet its panelled, opening front;
And wilt thou never walk the lawn,
Nor smile the golden smiles the more?

Alas! alas! that this should be,
O fair, sweet lady of the moon,
That thou shouldst die for lack of love,
So golden, round, and passionate,
That thou shouldst die no lover found,
Save maple and the poplar trees.

LUCERNE.

Lucerne! thy life is full of promise,
Thy charming youth of hope,
Thine eyes are blessed sunshine,
Thy gaze of the antelope.

Lucerne! thy charms are varied,
Thrice blessing every part,
But that appealing most to me
Is thy constancy of heart.

Thy purposes are ever pure,
Thy gracious smiles e'er true;
My hopes and aspirations
Thy heart doth e'er renew.

Howe'er sublime the works of man,
Howe'er the mind doth soar,
Thy constancy surpasses
The world's augmented store.

ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

Schley did it, yes, Schley did it!
He raked the Spanish both fore and aft,
Pounded with might and main each craft,
And gave them a terrible foretaste of hell,
With burning shot and shrieking shell,
In the bay of Santiago!

Schley did it, yes, Schley did it.
No gainsaying the fact by naval tyro,
Can make him ought else than a hero.
He hath put his enemies to rout and to shame,
And written high up on the temple of fame,
"I am the hero of Santiago!"

EMBERS.

'Tis night, and on the hearth the embers glow,—
Sad relics of a happy, cheerful hour,
When loved companions joyed the pleasant warmth
Of bright, fantastic blaze and social mirth.
No fatal play of wit, nor cool misunderstanding,
Froze the pure currents of our souls' communing;
Nor chilled the social atmosphere of home.
How like our lives, the ruddy, glowing fire!
How cluster round the hearth dear recollections!
Enjoyed hath one the lighting of the fire,
As chilly evening closed the pleasant day,
And high upon the dark andirons, logs
Of seasoned oak, and yellow, resinous pine
Were piled to give the wonted, cheerful warmth.
With ruddy match applied to yester-night's
Remains of charred logs and easy tinder,
The hearth emits a pleasant light and heat,
Which brightly burns, then to grey ashes fall.
How emblematic of the life of man!
The growing blaze, the hopeful, happy youth!
The roaring fire, manhood's activity!
The dying coals, old age and feeble years!
The dull, grey ashes, death and our departure!

ALICE.

The sun rose red o'er the heather,
For Alice was married yestreen;
All the brightness of life and the weather
Added joy to the pleasurable scene.
The heather was fragrant with flowers;
Her girl heart brimmed over with pleasure;
O such is the joy in love's bowers,—
Sweet bliss distilled beyond measure.
O true are the vows of a maid,
And strong are the vows of a man;
But pledges were better ne'er made,
If not framed to the Christian plan.

HORTENSE.

Hortense! thy fair blue eyes
Seem cold as the early morn,
When dew on the rose bud dies
As the chill north wind is born.
I send thee, love, the hawthorne,
With a spray of the wild moss-rose:
They bear within their fragrant bourne
The sweetest hope that blows.
Hortense! lay them on thy breast;
Caress them with thy hand;
Treat not my love as jest;
It seemeth a circling band.
The fair young bud of love
Opening upon the spray,
Doth raise my hope above
Pleasures without allay.
O fair Hortense! Hortense!
My love should waken thine;
Cast thy cold glances hence,
And let thy love be mine.

WHEAT HARVEST IN KENT.

There is health within the heart of him who riseth in the morn,
While the whipporwills are calling, and the skies are cop-
per green,
Who beareth in his person air of him to manor born;
For there's hope within the breast of him who goeth forth to
glean.

There's a song upon the lips of him who goeth forth to reap;
Akin and like the songs of that wise shepherd-king of old.
There's a throb within his bosom as the horses forward sweep,
Through the sunny days of harvest, through the sheaves of
yellow gold.

There is music in the clacking of the reaper in the field;
In the whinnying of the horses, in the rustle of the wheat;
There is music in the singing of the black men far afield,
As they bear their golden burdens, mid the sunshine, and the
heat.

O the barbaric wildness of the sheaf-bearers' naive song,
As they pour their plaintive melodies upon the listening ear;
O the rich, tropic heart-songs of the shock builders, full and
strong;
They were brought from Afric's jungles by some dark skinned
mother dear.

Behold the careless shuffle, and the scuffle, and the will,
Of the dark skinned harvest helpers, just from tropic solitude;
Behold the vacant windows of a mind more vacant still;
But an idle generation from ignoble servitude.

As the suns of early summer pour their splendor o'er the fields,
Ripening every prospect into sheaves of living gold,
Up through the heart of nature goes the throb that harvests
yields;
And will onward go forever, as it ever hath of old.

What bringeth forth the harvest days in lovely, fruitful Kent?
What filleth days with pleasure, and the nights with pleasant
sleep?
The bins of wheat, the lofts of hay, each day and hour well
spent,
The happy home, religion pure, the conscience of the deep.

What invites one to the harvest fields these sunny days of June?

Indeed, the fair blue skies, the magic clouds, the zephyrs soft—
These kiss the tears away, and life and memory attune;

These lead one to the harvest fields, and to the rolling croft.

The morn, noon, evening, night, poetic stars, eloquent suns,

The waxing moon, on whose soft glances love doth ever
wait,

The wind-harps of the piney groves, the rivers' shady runs:

These beckon and invite, and rich and royal their estate.

A lovely prospect greets his eye, who goeth forth to reap;

The green fields and the gold, the orchards, and the tuneful
groves,

The hedges, lanes and country roads, the herds of cattle, sheep,

The glassy lakes, the farmers' homes and barns, and circling
flocks of doves.

The acres of the waving gold, like hours in summer spent

Beside the flowery brooks, or breaking sea, or mountain urn,
Beguile one's soul, who's been to nature's thorough school in

Kent;

For these are harvest days in Kent; the season's sweet return.

STREW HER GRAVE WITH IVY.

O strew her grave with ivy, lad!

O strew her grave with green;

She promised she'd cover thine, lad!

She promised thee evergreen.

This earth was not the happiest, lad!

Her life was not serene,

This earth was not her home, lad!

This grey, this aged terrene.

Her mien it was the saintliest, lad!

That e'er beheld the stars;

Her life was, O, the purest, lad!

Her voice was mellowed airs.

Cover her grave with ivy, lad!

She's gone at last to her home to live;

Then drop a tear as you plant, lad!

'Tis the least that you can give.

SWEET SWANENDALE.

Sweet Swanendale! loved Swanendale!

Where harebells bloom, and lilies, gay,
Where turtles soft their loves bewail,
And little hares their fears bewray;

I love thee for my Mary's sake,
Thy tinted skies, and singing streams;
And thee, sweet vale! I'll ne'er forsake,
For yonder rest my fondest dreams.

Sweet Swanendale! my Swanendale!
Clasp gently Mary in her grave;
Loved streams! thy sweet perfumes exhale
Near by my Mary and her lave.

I'll ne'er forsake thee, Mary! dear,
Nor thee, thou lovely Swanendale!
For on thy green I dropped the tear,
That bound my heart to thy blest vale.

When silently with the lone three
Grim death calls me to his dark vale,
My dearest, fondest wish will be
To rest my head in Swanendale.

HELEN WRIGHT.

Beautiful Helen Wright is dead;
So fair, and cold, and passionless.
Her spirit is spent and is gone.
'Twas sent to give us a glimpse of heaven,
Like roses sent for a few brief hours;
But now she lonely lieth there,
Bereft of all her former self,
Save her cold and ashen beauty.

She liveth not, nor longer dwelleth
In earthly temple though so fair.
A soul as pure, a heart as true,
A life as radiant as the sun,

Hath gone to heaven's eternity
To live in peace, and bliss, and love,
To live among the angels there,
Forevermore, forevermore.

Her raven hair, and soulful eyes,
Complexion born of the late peach,
Her youthful bloom like the wild-rose,
So fair and bright, stately and tall,
Were very much more beautiful
Than eye had ever seen before.
The charm of every maidenly grace
Waited upon her daily step.

Fair Helen is lying in state;
So quiet, peaceful, statuelike;
Her face like chisled marble seems
To hide the rarest soul within.
The festoons hang with a drooping air,
The lilies blanch with their sorrow,
Whilst all around her sob with grief
The many friends of childhood's hour.

Her fair, chaste soul, like a sweet breath
Of summer wind, paused en voyage;
Though it lingers on earth but one
Brief day its influence never dies.
Like the breath that comes to tint the rose,
That buds upon the waving spray,
So Helen came with her spirit rare,
To make this world more beautiful.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

I am waiting in the shadow of the cross;
Waiting for the blessings of my Lord;
Rejoicing that His promises are true;
They are written in the book of Jesus' word.

I am wakeful in the shadow of the cross;
Wakeful for the coming of my Lord;
It may be at twilight, it may be at noon,
It may be while I'm thinking on His word.

I am dwelling in the shadow of the cross;
His altars are my habitations firm;
His mighty arms support me all the day,
And I lean upon His everlasting form.

I am weeping in the shadow of the cross;
Weeping for my Saviour slain on high;
I am weeping o'er the joy of sins removed;
Thus passeth all the shadow of my cross.

I am watching in the shadow of the cross;
Watching for the time of His return;
Peter, James and John slept at the night watch,
But I am watching for my blessed Lord's return.

I am praying in the shadow of the cross;
The cross on which my blessed Saviour hung;
I am praying to be like Him all the while,
To bear the anguish which my soul hath wrung.

I am hopeful in the shadow of the cross,
For I behold the end of earthly woe;
The heart-burnings and the anguish of the soul
Depart as He looks on us below.

I am trustful in the shadow of the cross;
Trustful till my blessed Lord doth take me home,
Trustful for the blessings He hath promised,
Fulfilment of the joys that are to come.

I am dying in the shadow of the cross;
Dying for my blessed Saviour's love;
Dying to be like Him as He suffered,
Hanging on the cruel cross above.

I am resting in the shadow of the cross;
Resting on His promises divine;
Trusting all the sacred words of old,
Partaking of the holy bread and wine.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Red peers the rising sun o'er fen and moor;
It leaps the sky as deer from crag to crag,
And beareth in its train our hopes forever more;
The strength that ne'er permits our spirits flag.
The morning of our days is fair with hope;
The young heart throbs unconscious of the might,
And powers that ever seeks to drag it down.
It faints not in the strife of just and right.
The battle's on, the victory's to be won,
He needs to put his truest armor on;
The shocks of strife will break the firmest heart,
Whose trust is in its single strength alone.
The most inspiring scene in human life
Is of a noble mind undaunted still,
Though all the powers of hades rage around,
And seek to break that perfect, mighty will.
Heaven bless the man, whose hope is set on Thee,
Almighty God, the Author of the world!
Whose cry amid the changing scenes of life
Is for Thy help amid the battle's strife.

THE CENSER OF THE WEST SWINGS
LOW TO EARTH.

The censer of the west swings low to earth:
The heavenly cathedral blazeth brightly,
Resplendent with the lamps of glorious night:
The priest his footsteps plants on land and sea:
The splendor of the heavenly symphonies
Reveals the glorious touch that gives them birth.
The eternal book its ample page unfolds:
The heart of man subdued boweth low,
And saints assemble round the altar's glow.
Sweet streams of mercy flow their constant ways,
And lave the feet of supplicating days,
Whilst God His sceptered sway continuously holds.

A SONG OF JIM.

Immortal Jim, dear, genial fellow,
I'll sing thy charms, rich, rare, and mellow!
Oft is the time I turn to thee
When sadness glooms and pleasures flee.
Many the heartfelt joys arise
Within my breast in happy guise,
Thinking of thee, with all thy charms,
Thy beauty, grace, and love's alarms.
The lovely morn breathes but for thee,
And evening kisses gives as free;
The red-wine drawn by Hebe fair
Gurgles her song for thee so rare.
Oft at the way-side's sheltered inn,
When wintry storms drive one within,
We've sat beside the ingle nook,
And cried, while every rafter shook,
"Pile high with wood the blazing hearth,
We'll drive the howling storm to earth;
Bring forth the grape, away dull care,—
Forget the past—the present share!"
Tis not for him who sits unknown,
And broods o'er anxious care alone,
To gain the happy prize of life;
Nor him who dwells mid human strife,
Who heaps up gold and calls it gain,
And on contentment casts disdain:
He gains it but to lose it all,
And sinks himself with its curst fall,
Thinking that man's delight below
Consists of acres, and heart's woe:
But sadly they mistaken are,
Whose hearts the loves of earth ensnare,
Beyond a goodly competence,
To keep together flesh and sense.
Enjoy in social intercourse
The heart of man, nor it accurse;
Men are not all bad, every one
Possesseth some good trait, alone
'Tis worth the while to cultivate
Acquaintance and to emulate.

Some seek for pleasures but to drink
The thickening dregs midst chiming clink,
But we, dear Jim, will quaff the cup
To bury self, and lovely sup
'Neath friendship's lovely, sheltering bowers,
And spread our hearts in occasional hours.
These are the times when sweetly rest
The tides of feeling in each breast
When soul communeth close with soul,
And self restraint aside doth roll;
When hearts are guileless, innocent,
And bristle not with vain intent;
'Tis then, dear Jim, I best enjoy
The holy hours of friendship, coy.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Genial Tom, the ploughman gay,
Afield his team doth drive,
And sings "gee ho!" the live-long day,
And doth the soil revive.
He gayly turns the smoking soil
With team and shining plow,
And laughing drops the sweat of toil
Upon the furrow's brow.
He rises with the dewy lark,
And breaks his fast on pone,
Then laughs at dying winter, stark,
And bows to morning's throne.
His genial, homely, ringing laugh
Sounds o'er his threshold bright,
As April showers the meadows quaff,
And lovely flowers invite.
He feeds his team six ears of corn,
And lifts an extra fork;
Then leads them out beneath the thorn
To gear them for their work.

Their ringing shoes, as o'er the fields
They hasten to their work,
Do brush the dew from off the shields,
That in the meadows lurk.

He loves to hear the little bird,
That builds within the thorn,
Sing out the happy, springtime word
To the happy, golden morn.

He turns the fragrant, rolling soil
From morning until eve,
And wearied with his honest toil
His roof doth glad perceive.
Within his cheerful wife the meal
Doth quietly prepare,
And watch till dark 'ning shades reveal
Her husband, ruddy, fair.

And when the simple meal is o'er,
They turn their hearts to God,
And o'er His richest pages pore,
And o'er the press He trod.

Then wearied with the toils of life,
Retiring to his bed,
He sleeps the sleep, that honest strife
Doth o'er him sweetly shed.

PEACH BLOSSOMS.

I have a spray of the daintiest pink;
'Twas taken from my lady's cheek, I think,
So delicately and divinely wrought,—
Peach blossoms from the snowy zephyrs caught.

I have another spray where a wild bee sips;
'Twas taken surely from my lady's lips,
So sweetly and deliciously perfumed,—
Apple blossoms, that have heaven's breath consumed.

NATURE'S VOICES.

Go search the wild paths nature maketh
For marvels of God's handiwork;
Go visit fields where summer shaketh
Her rare bouquets, where treasures lurk.
Ere shun the beaten paths of man;
No sweet communion they afford;
They stifle dream-songs in the van,
And prove to spirit-life a sword.

The grassy meads, with verdure waving,
Provoke responsive spirit chords;
The shimmering pool, fair flowers laving,
Heart-songs of rarest charms affords;
Heart-songs and spirit-voices singing
Are far the fairest flowers of earth;
To stony hearts are ne'er found clinging,
Nor blooming round the rock's chill girth.

Go search the lanes, fair nature's ways,
Inspiring the heaven's breath;
Disporting in her rare displays,
The soul leaps forth defying death;
As the breeze disports upon the waters,
The lark upon her tireless wing,
So nature searcheth the heart's quarters
For all affection there abiding.

Hope springs aloft on joyful wing,
Loosed with the touch of nature's wand;
And like the lark with voice e'er ringing
Ascends to heaven's portals grand.
To sing in perfect unison
With nature's purest harmonies,
The jangling bells of earth, O shun;
Thy heart attune to spirit litanies.

Go spend thy days about the altars
Of nature's wonderful creations;
There worship in thy noblest moods,
Offer sincerest supplications.
O, findest thou the Druid piles,
Simply wrought and consecrated

To the true God and Spirit one;
 There worship thou thy God translated.
 There breathest round those simple piles
 The simpler spirits of the hills,
 Who recognize the truth of truths
 In what He does, and what He wills;
 Adoring him in wonder thou
 Wilt spend thy few remaining years;
 Sweet nature's child, born in his likeness,
 And consecrate this vale of tears.
 For without Him this vale of vales
 Doth truly flow for you with tears;
 Perennial fountains, never failing,
 Of bliss, or sorrow stricken years.
 No heathen worship offerest thou,
 Nor sacrifice with stupid rites;
 The God of high intelligence,
 Simplicity with love requites.

CATHERINE BEACH.

O, Catherine Beach! my sad heart is breaking
 For thee in thy fullness of beauty divine!
 Ah, what! art thou errant? thou orb of my waking!
 O depart, thou foul spectre, to death I'll resign!
 Thou song of my life! My sweet moments of bliss!
 Thou spirit of love! Thou sweet grandeur of light!
 O me, thine own lover, from thy heart ne'er dismiss,
 For my sad heart is breaking, is breaking to-night.
 O Catherine, Catherine, image divine!
 Art thou gone, ne'er to return? My sad heart is waiting!
 Sweet vision of heaven! O pause to refine
 The rich ore of love, that for thee is awaiting.
 Thine eyes and thy tresses, O Catherine Beach!
 Have set my heart burning both night and the day.
 Thy zone-girdled waist, and thy silvery speech,
 Are the chiefest that hard did my sad heart bewray.

Thy turbulent breast, and thy full rounded throat,
 Thy forehead so perfect, thy cheeks of full peach,
 Thy lips and thy grace did likewise promote
 My full love for thee, my sweet Catherine Beach!

Be still, dear mine heart! hark! what! angels of light!
 What! whisperings of love with this cruellest breach!
 Ah! those phantoms of brightness, those visions of white,
 Are love's sweetest memories of Catherine Beach!

TEARS.

"O father, I had a dream last night,
 And Christ in his glory appeared to me."

"O tell me, my child, the wonderful sight,
 That appeared in thy dreams to thee."

"Last night whilst slumbers enfolded me,
 The Christ with his hosts spake questions unto me."

"O tell me, my child, what questions spake
 The increated Son of God to thee."

"Then Christ spake thus, 'Tell, prithee child,
 The thing I hold in heaven most dear.'"

"O wond'rous word, profound, my child,
 What answer didst thou fain give ear?"

"O father, tremblingly I spake
 In presence of that mighty one."

"O tremblingly indeed thou spakest,
 My child, in presence of the holy one."

"O father, I spake of love, of love divine,
 And falteringly I uttered it in fear."

"O presence divine, most holy one,
 O child, most dear, how came the answer?"

"The great Christ spake, and his hosts were silent;
 Quoth he, 'The tear of repentance, I hold most dear;
 The fairest jewel in the throne of heaven
 Is the pearl of a repentant's tear.'"

ON THE MARSHES OF OLD KENT.

There's a stir among the cattails on the marshes of fair Kent;

There's a hanking in the breezes growing louder every day;
Then burnish up your guns, boys, for the ducks, I'm confident,
Ere long will feed among the ponds beside the moon-lit bay.

There'll be sport upon the marshes at the ruddy close of day;

There'll be shooting in the rushes at the dewy break of morn;
For the breezes bring the honkings of the ducks and geese at
play,

Far along the dark horizon while the day is being born.

There'll be joy among the gunners now in town and country
round;

There'll be slaughter on the marshes as the days go flitting by;
Then buckle on your boots, boys, and harken to the sound,
Of the honkings of the wild fowl as they southward scream-
ing fly.

O, be up before the break of day, ye country lads and town,

While the dew is on the shocks of corn and birds are in the
meads;

For ye must rise up early, if ye wish to gain renown,

A-shooting ducks and water-fowl among the marshy reeds.

There'll be shooting on the marshes of our fair and smiling
Kent,

For I hear it in the breezes, and I read it in the sky;

O, the royal sport 'll be excellent ere many days are spent,

A-shooting on the marshes of the flocks a-flitting by.

O, the air is full of honkings, and the sky is full of birds,

Then buckle on your gunning coat, set out the bright decoy,
Sound aloud the honking note, allure the fowl with wary words,

And there'll be shooting on the marshes of old Kent without
alloy.

O, I love the waving grasses and the secrets they enfold,

And the broodings of the spirit of the under-world around;

O, I love the broad expanses skirting wide the shores of old,

For they stir within my bosom cherished feelings most pro-
found.

O, I love the mighty sun, enthroned aloft in gorgeous splendor,

As it wheels from bay and ocean full attired in robes sublime;

And my heart grows soft and tender as it sinks in sacred slumber,
O'er the marshes of old Kent land in this grand and glorious
clime.

O, I love to hear the ocean with its varied monotone,
Sobbing on the shores eternal of this mighty earth of ours,
Rising, falling, gently, ever, never wearied with its moans,
Binding hemispheres and peoples, owning neither laws nor
powers.

But the dark obscure philosophies, the human mind indulges,
Suffer never gloomy spirit rise above its normal state;
And the deep undying wisdom, that the human soul divulges,
Serves the mind of happier thoughts forever to depopulate.

But the spirit of the ocean as it ever sad repines,
Although it profoundly stirs the mind to thoughts sublime.
Has not the allurements that the lighter sport divines,
As we linger on the marshes of this grand and glorious clime.

SWEET MARIM SPRING.

Sweet Marim Spring! pure, welling fount!
Flow sweetly from thy cave,
That this green hill may pleasure count
To pour thy limped wave.

Flow pure as drops from His dear side
While hanging on the cross;
And cheerfully as rushed the tide
His manly breast across.

Flow sacredly as Mary's tear,
That welled for her dear Son,
As to the grave on Joseph's bier
They bore the Holy One.

Flow lovely as the melting tear,
That springs for loss of friend;
And the wild flow of memories dear,
That oft my heart doth rend.

GOLDENROD!

Hail, hail, bright harbinger of autumn days!
To these fair fields and sunny lanes more fair
We welcome thee, thou lovely flower, as rays
Of cheerful light along our pathway clear.
Thou visit'st each neglected, sun-lit lane,
And bear'st a wealth of beauty in thy train,
Goldenrod!

Lavishly hath nature's floriculturist
Bestrewn this smiling land with thy fair race.
Magnificently His grand design, I wist,
Thou art accomplishing with happy grace.
In true perfection thou dost lovely greet
The lovers' light, or travelers' heavy feet,
Goldenrod!

How changed this scene since springtime's youthful days,
When o'er the fields the daisy reigned supreme.
Then the fair, modest flowers adorned the ways,
And dainty wildings chanted love's sweet dream.
Now the rich fruited fields are yellowed o'er
With all that ageing year bear'st in her store,
Goldenrod.

Along these sunny paths in days gone by,
Strolling we plucked the flowers in beauty clad;
And the fair sun, that sat enthroned on high,
Was not more fair than were the dreams we had;
But those fond hopes on airy pinions borne
Have of their gorgeous loveliness been shorn,
Goldenrod!

Fit thou to crown the year's sublimest hour,
To adorn Elysia's rarest, loveliest bower;
Fit thou to crown her grave beloved of yore,
Whom all adored as nature's fairest flower.
O happy flower, thou who art beauty's heir,
September's queen, lovely beyond compare,—
Goldenrod!

HUMANITY'S TRAGEDY.

"Burn the veldt, destroy the land,
Spare, nor corn, nor wheat, nor grass,
Growing thing, nor living creature,
Herb, nor flesh; except the woman
And her child, but not the man,
Old nor young; let every creature
Know that England's might shall be
Supreme in all the Boerland."
Quoth the cruel Sirdar bold
To the conquering hosts of England,
On the fire scorched veldt of Boerland,
On dark Afric's blood stained fields.
Where the bold Tegula river
Ruddy ran with British blood,
Hollanders had dwelt long time;
They for freedom's sake left home,
Circled half old earth's wide seas,
Dared to brave wild beasts and men,
Torrid climes, and sun-scorched plains.
Now old England's aping Rome;
Emulating e'en her evils:
All for glory, thin veiled glory.
This, O this, is empire's cost!
England poured two hundred thousand
Men or more on Afric's veldts;
Sent her vast imperial hosts
Out against those brave, old Dutch;
Young and old men, stubborn, bearded,
Who could e'en a rifle bear,
Fought for mother, wife, and sister,
Land, and home, and liberty.
Who could live for nobler purpose?
Bleed or die for holier cause?
Blood from proud, imperial soldier,
Languishing 'neath tropic suns,
And from patriots' burning veins,
Mingling with the hot red dust;
Weary months of hate and hell,
Rifle crack, and shrieking shell,

Proved to England's arms and despots
That that sturdy band of Boers
Could be vanquished, but not conquered,
Could be slaughtered, foully murdered,
But ne'er made to bend the neck,
Nor their proud and stubborn spirits
To the imperial arms of England.
Then the Sirdar gave command,
"Burn the veldt, destroy the land,
Spare nor flesh, nor herb, nor dust;
England's might shall be triumphant."
This, O this, is empire's cost!

THE MEADOW LARK.

I cannot shoot the bonnie lark,
That dwells among the meads;
She dwells secure midst nature's park,
And there her young ones breeds.
Her melting songs, as o'er the heath
She rises to the skies,
Do break my heart as low beneath
I look with dropping eyes.
It seems her note is not so glad
As once it was in spring,
When she o'er fen did proudly gad
Her younglings food to bring;
Nor when her mate did brave the storm,
And lift his wings to heaven,
To win from her songs multiform,
With love's unbounded leaven.
Perhaps the sadness of her mate,
With loss of younglings flown,
Doth render her disconsolate,
And sadder makes her tone.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Behold, ye sons of men! the wondrous sight,
Joash, the boy, crowned King of Juda's house;
Behold the guard standing about the King,
And all the people shouting forth their joy.
Behold ye how they made him King that day:
The golden chalice with the anointing oil;
The priests in vestments trailing long the aisle;
The simple ceremonials of the craft;
And how they clap their hands and shout for joy.
"God save the King."

When Athaliah heard the shouts arise,
She hastened to the temple's noblest gate,
The temple built by Solomon the wise,
And there beheld the object of her fate:
For Joash stood beside the pillar there,
As was the custom of that Jewish tribe,
When Kings of Israel were anointed, crowned,
By God's high priest, the holy one of all;
And by his side stood princes who all cried,
"God save the King."

"Treason," she cried, and rent her trailing robes,
When she beheld the manner of his crowning,
How all the people did rejoice and shout,
And how they blew with trumpets loud and long.
With strong imperial voice she "Treason" cried,
And voiced her anger to the assembled host.
The fate of empire wavered not that hour,
For Juda's hope lay in the new crowned King;
And with one voice they cried aloud for joy,
"God save the King."

Jehoiada then straightway gave command
Unto the captains of the hundreds there,
"Have ye her forth without the ranges wide,
But slay her not within God's dwelling fair."
And she was led the way the horses came
Into the King's wide palace gate of yore,
Unto the ranges, desolate and drear;

And there they shed her blood, and she was slain,
The mother of the father of the King.

“God save the King.”

The fate of David's throne hung in the balance
When that vile woman strode the temple floor
Amid the portals of that holy house.

This daughter of dark Jezebel fell not

In vain that ever memorable day;

Green may the leaves in memory's book e'er be

Of Joash crowned, and Athaliah slain;

For with the crowning of the righteous King

The people raised their voice in loud acclaim,

“God save the King.”

“God save the King,” the people's sincere prayer
Expressed spontaneously and by God's will.

“God save the King” where'er a righteous one,

In whate'er clime, o'er whate'er people rules.

The hosts of God did Athaliah slay,

The righteous Joash crown, and poured the oil

Of joy on an oppressed people's head.

Ever in truth may all such people cry,

As did the house of David that dark day,

“God save the King.”

THE MAINE.

She was like a maiden
On her wedding day,
Going to the altar
Lovely, hopeful, gay;

But with sudden terror
At the altar's steps,
Death his pallid fingers
Lays upon her lips.

THE MURDER OF THE MAPLES.

Pipe thine oaten reeds, O Pan!

Pipe with sudden shrillness, pipe,
For the dreadful creature, man,
Levels thy majestic type.

Pipe with anger, pipe with wrath,
Pipe dread echoes through earth's caves;
Pipe the virgins from their bath,
Pipe thy troops from woods and waves.

Rush with pipings loud and shrill
Through thy leafy, woodland bowers;
Carry fear and every ill
Through the sunshine and the showers.

Love of lucre filthy, vile,
Filling hearts of all mankind,
Leads this creature to defile
All that's lovely and refined.

Loud resounding thro' the wood
Floats the desecrating tone,
Floats the wail of blighted good,
Floats the monarch's dying moan.

Murm'ring brooks and gurgling rills,
Swollen with Love's maidens' tears,
Rush as oceans o'er the hills;
Emblems blest of soulful fears!

Weep, ye lovely virgins! weep,
Gather up thy mazy robes,
And thy timid courses keep
Toward the freer wooded globes!

Dionesus! take thy train
From the orgies of mankind!
Go, Silenus! with thy brain
Muddled by thy cups unkind;

Go, ye people of the wood,
Flee to singing brooks and groves;
To withstand the man of blood,
Thou must wayward with thy loves!

Cytherea dainty, sweet,
Take thyself and daughters gay
To thy rural, blest retreat,
Out of man's destroying way!

Ye may weep, ye virgin fields,
At the shepherd's oaten strain,
For his pipe its sweetness yields
At Viola's cold disdain:

Thou may'st weep for piping swain,
Mingling love sick ditties sweet
With the distant woodland train,
Quickly seeks thy rural seat!

Psyche other pools must seek
To admire her beauteous form,
For the shepherd mild and meek,
Doth the rural scenes transform,

Doth the wooded vales destroy,
Doth the solemn stillness steal,
Doth the Naiads nude decoy,
Doth the fastnesses reveal.

Trust the swain lamenting sad,
Nor his shrieking, oaten pipes;
Trust the tender, weeping lad,
Nor his lovely archetypes.

Hasten, Pan! with pipings shrill,
Waken fauns and satyrs wild,
Take thee spears of daffodil
Drive the shepherd swain and mild;

Drive him to the river's brink,
Drive him to the forest's edge,
Drive him where the bobolink
Warbles out her lover's pledge!

Then return with dancings gay,
Oaten reeds and ditties sweet,
And like maidens long in May,
Trip thy gay and lightsome feet;

Trip to laughings of the Nymphs,
Trip to Naiad's grace and song,
Gather round thy crystal nymphs,
And thy pleasures e'er prolong!

TO A WOUNDED BIRD.

Poor, wounded bird, thy joys are o'er,
And ne'er to heav'n 'gain thou'lt soar;
Some withered wretch, with murderous eye,
Hast struck and left thee here to die.

Compelled by hunger, snow and cold,
To approach man's habitation, bold,
Thou hopest kindness there to find,
And food, and shelter from the wind:

But urged by sport,—curst be that word!
A man was led to wound thee, bird!
Thou ingrate man! curst be the part,
Thou'st played with this, thy cruel dart.

Thy matin song, no more will cheer,
And happy make thy mate now drear;
Angels will teach thee sweeter strains,
Upon thy bed, mid storms and rains.

Curst be the man, that laid thee low;
Curst be the arm, that gave the blow;
And may thy God, with direful wrath,
Harass him on his worldly path.

Thou can'st to man, and thought to find
An image of thy Maker's mind;
But thou, alas! didst find instead
A brute, to wickedness deep wed.

THE TASK—A MORTGAGE.

Why doth that man with rugged mien
Trudge to his work with downcast brow
And anxious look, and start and fret
At each approach of trouble slight?
No concourse sweet of men loves he,
Nor social dance, nor tuneful strain,
Doth greet him with the thrilling throb;
No joyous laughter from him peals
Like chords from lyre of Lebos sweet
When tuned for Polyhymnia;
Nor like the strains of tuneful flutes,
Which coy Euterpe and her train
Of dancing Satyrs sweetly play.
The charming grace of tripping nymphs,
And gladsome charms of Aphrodite,
With cheerful trains of Graces following
Bear him no melody of heart.
Perchance the fateful Lachesis
His thread of life hath ceased to spin,
And, waiting for dark Atropos
To end it with her mighty shears,
He walks with bowed head and heart.
Haply his genius of good
Hath bowed him low and smote his soul
For want of prudence, care, or thought.
A blessed man were that his pain!
"What humor doth thy blood impair,
Good friend! and why that fevered brow,
That once, more suitable for Jove
Than man, did throb with mighty force?
And why those tottering steps and cheeks
All hollow deep? Once was thine eye
Fit for the countenance of Jove,
Thy regal dignity and mien
Possessed more power than thunderbolt
Of heaven e'er o'er the hearts of men.
Thine arm, the mighty spear of times
Long gone, could once have cast with force,
But now 'tis palsied by thy side.
Tell why this great affliction lives

To eat thine heart, Promethian like.”
“Sweet friend, 'tis true all that thou sayest.
My heart no melody hath known,
My mind no lightsome bounds hath taken,
My soul no flights to Paradise
Hath winged, since years ago when first
A mortgage bound my soul in hell.
My lands, my home, that once were free
From the insidious disease
Of debt, inoculated are,
And leprous, it hath spread from them
To me and mine, and now on earth
An outcast, lying far beyond
The city walls of Hope and Love,
I am a stranger bound with cords
Of adamant and linked with steel.
Each day and hour my soul doth rest
In hell, depressed with painful thoughts
That quickly have transformed my peace
And hope to vain and deep despair.
Alas! too late! too late! alas!
Hell hath a mortgage on my soul.

SHE LOVED ME.

She loved me, O, she loved me,
All those golden years of youth;
When our hearts were young and tender;
When our hearts loved only truth.
She loved me, O, she loved me,
All those precious, youthful years,
And I returned it truly,
And her sympathetic tears.
Over seas in white winged ships,
Riding joyously the main,
I did leave her not for aye,
Hoping my return again.

Over distant weary lands
I was driven to and fro;
But my heart did e'er return
To the scenes of long ago;

To the scenes of youth and beauty;
To the love so fair and sweet;
To the happiness and pleasures;
And the times with joys replete.

She has gone I know not whither,
But I love her aye for that;
She has gone, but with another,
But I hate her not for that.

Not, oh not be fault of hers
That she loved another one;
It was only fault of mine,
For I left her all alone.

I remember how it grieved her
When I told her I should go;
How her heart was full to breaking,
How her tears did gently flow.

Could I keep her waiting ever,
Spending all her youth in vain?
I was selfish when I wanted
Her forever thus remain.

I should not have asked her then
To have sacrificed her youth;
But I should have taken her
For my youthful bride in truth.

She has gone I know not whither,
But her gain is all my pain;
She has gained, and I have lost,
What my loss is, is her gain.

But I loved her, O, I loved her,
All those golden years of yore,
When our hearts were young and tender,
And our love its first fruit bore.

O, I'll love that dear one ever,
And for her my heart still yearns;
But all silently I love her,
With the joy that hope discerns.

THE INDEPENDENT MAN.

When day-dawn opes with purpling play,
And dew-dipped flowers the gods bewray,
I walk beside the blooming thorn,
With form erect and heart new born;
And why?
Because the world cares not for me,
Nor I for it!

These clothes I'll wear though worn and few,
My life I'll live in open view;
My simple food I'll eat for health;
I'll do as I please with all of my wealth;
And why?
Because the world cares not for me,
Nor I for it!

Where ere I go feel still the same;
What ere I do care not nor blame;
This world's the place for me, I vow!
This earth is heaven, this spot's aglow;
And why?
I'm independent, I!
Because the world cares not for me,
Nor I for it!

THE GHASTLY MARINER.

The ships that passed in the night, and in passing sailed over
the bay,

Rode under the waxing moon on the young flood's windward
tide,

With compass and rudder full firmly held, but never a helms-
man gay,

With canvas set like a spectre boat that sails to meet its bride,
Away over the tide on the young flood the ghostly mariner
sailed,

In manner of old in story told, when the princess her lover
bewail.

Farewell thou shore of nevermore in that inland sea of old,

Farewell thou race of mariners bold, who scorn the easeful,
flowery plains,

Farewell ye creeping marinettes to your clanging idols ghoul-
ishly sold,

I'll not return to your desert shores till the new moon fully
waned;

With my ancient bride I'll scornfully ride and drink the salt
sea's spray;

I'll bolder be far than Sir Patrick Spens, who quailed on that
wintry day.

The new moon clasping the old full tightly within its arms,

The dog star mounting the southern sky with a sickly
gleam in its wake,

The young flood climbing the strand with unsolved its myster-
ious alarms,

The unseen stir of the airy floods that oceans of water shake,
Added full told their mystery old to the ghoulish marniers'
shrieks,

As the ship passed out from the harbor stout on the western,
skyey streaks.

Lo! in the north the pole star holds its unremittant sway,

As the great bear takes his ponderous flight unwearied eternal-
ly on;

Lo! in the heart of nature old, whose mysteries ever dismay,

The stoutest soul that openly vaunts, finds its vaunted cour-
age gone;

And lo! on the sea, as well on the lea, whose dominions demons hold,

Quailed the wind, and the wave, and the groaning grave,
and the grizzled mariners bold.

Out in the riot whence chaos of old from airy nothingness was evolved,

Out in the calm where the settled broodings of a mighty spirit prevailed,

Lo! the ancient spirit of that mariner bold, who o'er the sea revolved,

Haunts as of old when the human soul on its fear was ere impaled;

The ship that passed the harbor vast with its soulless crew in command,

Encountered the blast, and lo! avast! ne'er returned till the new moon fully waned.

O STREW HER GRAVE WITH FLOWERS.

O strew her grave with flowers, sir!

With flowers bright with dew;

With roses, lilies, astars, sir!

For nothing less will do.

Long, long ago thou wooed her, sir!

When thou and she were young.

You wooed and won your lady, sir!

The greenwood bowers among.

Short were those years of marriage, sir!

Your portion was thrice blest;

O happy times, compare them, sir!

With dreams you thought your best.

She e'er deserves your best thoughts, sir!

Throughout your future days!

And you should strew with flowers, sir!

The greening sward's bright ways.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

There's a rustle on the mountain tops fast growing every hour;
There's a whispering in the valleys while the days are tripping by;

The fair, forest trees in serried ranks are shorn of all their splendor,

By the blasts of cool November, which announce that all must die.

The lovely green of summer now is sere and yellow leaf;

The gorgeous red of autumn time is rusting 'neath the blast;
The river banks and wild paths, now darkling in their grief,

Are telling with their wailings that the warmth of summer's past.

Where the yellow suns and purpling showers meadows in gold attired,

Converting lanes and orchards into gardens of delight;

Where goldenrod and astars leaned beside the sumac fired;

Making distant lines of vision such that endless hopes invite;

Where the mocking bird and red breast held their carnivals of song
In fair nature's grand cathedral, fretting the sky's rare arch of blue;

Where floods of love's chaste melodies were wont their chords prolong,

Is silence, and drear skies, and staring ranks of yew.

These scenes held so long in memory as the fairest of them all;

Those rare ones toward which our hopes inclineth forever more;

Inscribe the tablets of our hearts with thoughts that never pall;

Those rare, divine creations that our spirits all adore.

Are not these prospects, scattered o'er nature's spacious floor,

This world's visible emblems of life's immortality;

Witnesses of the bright divinity that abounds in nature's store;

Of the Truth and the ever living spirituality?

Alas! these scenes which meant so much to us are now no more;

Wintry blasts and leadened skies have quite usurped their gentle thrones;

But with the passing of the winter, summer will again restore

All the roses and the lilies to their long accustomed zones.

With the lovely restoration of the azure deeps of heaven;
With the living green of earth adorning all the walks of man;
Come the seasons that for us all the rare hopes of life enliven;
When the crystal frosts of winter turn to roses every one.

AN INCIDENT AT FAIRVIEW PARK.

This afternoon, I went to Fair View Park,
To view the racing,—partly on a lark,—
To meet my friends of long ago,
To talk of politics, and see the show
Of lovely ladies, all in fair attire,
And look upon their eyes of liquid fire.
In buoyant frame of mind, and lightest heart,
I put aside of life the serious part.
My musings were most happy for the day;
No serious turn did lead my mind astray,
Until I stood beneath the amber sun,
Viewing the game of ball,—the hour past one,—
When, lo! upon my shoulder leaned a man
With no light weight,—this was his boldest plan,
To rest himself upon my wearied back.
You see I bore my burden and his pack.
I looked him in the eye,—he never flinched,—
For once within my life I never winced.
His nerve was truly great, magnificent!
I looked him o'er,—this day on pleasure bent,—
And vowed he was the finest product rare,
That was displayed this day at Fairview Fair.

THIS LIFE'S A MASQUERADE.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
Alas! that such a thought should go
Unchallenged mid the throng.
Man wants not little here below,
Nor wants that little long,
Is true within this vale of woe,
And should be true in song.

That man gets little here below,
And gets that little long,
Is proven by all the wrecks that strow
The paths of life along.
The merchant tires of selling wares,
Enjoys the sailor's life;
The sailor daily the sea forswears,
With all its dangers rife.

The farmer dreams of urban wealth,
Of agriculture tires,
Abandons ways of rural health,
And roaring logwood fires.
The millionaire doth build with pride
His palaces of stone,
But scorning all in yacht doth ride
The seas from zone to zone.

The noble lord forsakes his parks,
And well bred baying hounds;
On tropic shores equipped embarks,
And fiercer beasts surrounds;
Prefers the mighty bison herds,
That swarm Wyoming's plains;
And all the mighty, jungle lords,
Beyond the surging mains.

Even priesthood falls a victim sad
To gamblers' blank devices;
One thinks at times mankind is mad,
Seduced with Satan's vices.

But all the world's a stage, 'tis said,
Mankind the players are;
Perhaps the play's a masquerade,
And all the players fair.

Perhaps 'tis due to aspirations
Arising in the soul;
Perhaps the players act their parts
According to the role;
Perhaps the drama of our lives
Is written by the God,
Who sketched the universal plan,
And made the man of blood.

The man of blood, aye, he of mind,
And he of heart, and soul,
And he of action, he of deeds,
Who acts the imperial role,
The flower of all creation; he
It is of whom alone
God fathoms every motive,
Each thought to action grown.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

The wintry wind blew wild and chill;
No flower was seen in dale, on hill;
Within that mansion all was bright,
Where dwelt the lovely maid that night.

I stood beside the harpischord
With heart that throbbed with each soft word,
And gazed upon her lovely face;—
Athens, adorned with every grace.

She sang the songs I loved to sing,
About which youthful memories cling;
She sang of love, that broke my heart,
With all a woman's power and art.

“Alas!” she said, “that one short hour
Should see the bud a fallen flower;
Should see the fountain cease to flow;
The bright day change to evening glow.

“Alas! that one short hour should see
Our love bud, bloom, and severed be.
Farewell, my love, but not for aye,
One parting word, but not good-by.

“When trees put on their living green,
And azure skies again are seen,
Our love again we'll then renew,
This rapturous theme again pursue.”

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I love our grand Thanksgiving Day,
That comes in cool November;
The autumn leaves that strew the ground
Make me this day remember.

Our pilgrim fathers left their homes,
And came to this broad land,
To flee the wrath of English king;
A brave, heroic band.

And when the God, who cared for them,
Had kept them from all harm,
They set apart this day for thanks,
For His protecting arm.

And thus it is we keep this day,
To ever bear in mind,
That God bestows His blessings grand
On those of thankful mind.

Our hearts should ever grateful be,
And filled with purpose firm,
To love our God and neighbors kind,
And nobly live life's term.

TO A TINY CHICK CAUGHT ON A BARB
OF A WIRE FENCE.

Poor, frightened, struggling, crying chick!
To rescue thee I'll hasten quick;
To catch thy wing's a naughty trick
For thee to play;
It makes the mother's heart quite sick
The livelong day.

Barb'rous fence of pointed wire!
Thou'st spread thyself throughout this shire,
And harms't more creatures than dost fire
When at its worst;
The only favor with the buyer
Is cheapness, curst!

Thy cruel barbs and slender strands
Do wrap and pierce,—O wicked bands!—
Many a horse that nobly stands
His master's needs;
The innocence of beasts demands
Thy flight from meads.

On thee no singing negro sits,
Whose jaded team its furrow quits,
To rest his limbs, and turn his wits
To happier things;
No woodland songster round thee twits
His merry rings.

All serpent like thou hid'st thy sting,
And darrest quick as poisoned fling
Of savage bow, or flutt'ring wing
Of frightened bird,
Upon thy prey, its life to wring,
With ne'er a word.

Thy pois'nous barbs and hidden threads
Resemble most that one that treads
O'er a good name, and with it weds
Malicious lies;
My curses on those villians' heads
That truth despise.

Yet, little chick! thy plight doth mind,
That honest poverty doth find
This selfish world quite as unkind
 As thou this barb;
Yet oft the poor have round them twined,
 Love's holy garb.

Dear innocence most oft gets harmed,
By fiendish beasts that rove full armed
In human forms, with manners charmed
 To work its ruin;
Many a maid is ne'er alarmed
 To flee brute bruin.

Often doth fate permit high worth
Obscure to dwell on this huge earth,
And grant the palm to souls full dearth
 Of all that's noble;
Each year of life mak'st cruel mirth
 With worth's sad trouble.

Thou tiny thing, remember well
This incident which thee befell;
Experience most rung thy knell,
 And laid thee low;
Where'er thou roamest, field or dell,
 Do thy path know.

Likewise, young woman! take thou heed
Of every look, and word, and deed,
Or thou wilt savor of the weed
 Which the world scorns;
Of loving kindness thou hast need,
 And not of thorns.

THE HEART OF NATURE.

Amid the ripening strawberries
The sparrow reared her young,
Unconscious of God's mercies
Strewn the paths along;
But now this trustful creature fair
With all her young have flown,
Beyond the wood to skies more rare,
Where roses are fresh blown.

With her departure, I'll confess,
A certain charm has gone,
There is the nest in yellow dress,
The younglings all have flown.
The sky is changed, the autumn air
Hangs hazy o'er the scene,
And o'er the heart consuming care
Steals all one's peace serene.

The wild-bird note one yearns to hear,
That was so sweet in spring,—
The quail's, whose whistle sounded clear,
And through the wheat did ring,
No more with silver tones rings out,
Glad welcome to his mate;
No more his handsome wings flings out,
While heart songs ring elate.

More cautious now with coveyed brood
They feed amid the corn;
More wary in the search for food,
Than on that marriage morn.
Kind Providence within her sphere
Inspires each gentle breast,
And guides them calmly, or with fear,
Throughout their every quest.

Those rare and yellowed days of fall
Invite one to the fields;
From care to the wildwood one call,
That the blue astar yields.
At those rare times one's usual ways
Lose all their charm for thee;

One ventures then those rare, rare days,
Beside the brook and sea.

Wherever nature dons her dress
Of living green and yellow;
Where crickets beetling, loudly press
Their chirping to each fellow;
When seedtime supercedes the sowing,
The ripened corn the flower,
When chillier winds around are blowing,
And smoky skies do lower;

One then fares forth the child of God,
With heart that loves no guile,
As innocent as when one trod
His childhood's happiest mile;
And mirrors in the soul the hope,—
Futurity's bright dream,
That like a book its pages ope;
Whence flows a crystal sea.

Though these full unresponsive prove
To any thought of thine,
Nor yield affection's throb of love
At feeling's golden shrine,
Yet their unfeeling beauty points
God's nobler bounds to thee,
Where sympathy the heart anoints;
Inspires nobility.

How silences one's heart of hearts,—
This silence of the world!
How to the mind its force imparts,—
This nature's banner furled!
In vain one calls for it to speak;
It never deigns reply;
Beside this force man is full weak;
An atom in the sky.

Cold, unresponsive, pulseless one,
Created without heart,
Or mind, or soul, and but a stone,
That knows not e'en its part;
O thus thou art, O world of worlds!
The sphinx is plain to thee,

Although thy beauty, cold, unfurls,
Thou hast no word for me;
Save that which springs within the soul,
In Herculean strife,
To have communion with a scroll
Purporting to have life.
O why this silence of the ages,
Unsympathetic quite;
Just like a book with blankest pages;
And like the darkest night?

GYPSY LASSIES.

Gypsy lassies, wild and winsome,
Clad in silks and soldier hats,
Thy brown cheeks and darker eyes,
Lithesome forms and jetty plats,
Grace the charming woods and vales,
And the pebbled river banks,
Charm the hearts of lovers wild,
And impress more sober ranks.

Rocking pine trees utter sighings,
Jealous breezes walk the vales,
Balsam firs weep fragrant tears,
Sweetly chant the nightingales,
When they hear thy footsteps coming
To each gladsome, wild retreat,
For they know that ye are blooming
Children true of nature sweet.

Chant your songs, ye gypsy lassies!
Wild and weird, and strange and sweet;
Put to blush the robin redbreast;
Drive the thrush to calm retreat;
To thy wild and winsome beauty,
To thy life, each day a psalm,
To thy sprightly, happy manners,
I will grant life's, lovely palm.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

We hail thee, John Paul Jones, sea-fighting Viking!
We hail thee home again, patriot of ancient days!
Thrice welcome ring our greetings o'er the main,
As thou returnest on thy last voyage.
Stern Norse-soul of a battle-strewing sea!
America awaits to homage pay
To him who fought a tyrant from the seas;
And helped break chains that bound men's souls and hearts,
Forged in the furnace of the old world's monarchies.

The least America could do, John Paul Jones!
To express her gratitude this century,
And show appreciation for thy lofty services,
Would be to raise a stately monument o'er thy remains;
Inscribe thereon thy glory which is hers;
And point the future generations to thy fame;
For them to emulate thy patriotism,
And thus preserve inviolate their heritage,—
The glorious group of American liberties.

Rest, sweetly, softly rest in thy last, long sleep of death,—
The sleep of the just, and sleep of the brave!
Beneath a monument of mighty ships,
Crashing with thunderous tones in fray upon the sea!
Sleep, John Paul Jones! with blessings on thy corse!
A sympathetic, and an affectionate public
Sheds round thy monument a gulf of tears!
Rest, patriot of ancient days! in sterling peace!

IMMORTAL WASHINGTON.

Flow tranquilly, river! beneath thy green banks;
Roll seaward, Potomac! with stateliest air;
Lap kindly the green with thy marshalling ranks,
For Washington sleeps in his majesty there.

Ye harebells and lilies, that bloom nor despair;
Ye sweet, purpling lilacs, and hawthorn so gay,
Drape lovely these shores with thine blossomings rare,
For the spirit of freedom broods here lovely always.

Loved turtles soft cooing from cedar and pine;
Thou wild shrinking deer that the fragrant wilds rove,
Dwell fearlessly near the Virginian shrine,
Where Washington sleeps, and my countrymen love.

Inspired may thy tones be melodiously sweet,
For liberty claims thee her own shaded seat;
Here Washington brave, and the Light of the World,
Sought freedom's sweet smiles, and her banners unfurled.

As daily the sun in unvarying course
Pursues through those azure deeps time's faltering steps;
As nightly the moon shines with radiant force,
We offer our prayers for the soul that there sleeps.

When ages roll by and stern history tells
The advance of the nations, and their settings in story,
Columbia's fame as it onward e'er swells,
Will brightest far be in the fullness of glory.

When time doth him scan bright Columbia's field,
And note there the lights that life's purpose evince,
The most luminous star in sweet liberty's shield
Will be Washington, patriot, hero and prince.

Flow tranquilly, river! beneath thy green banks;
Roll seaward, Potomac! with stateliest air;
Lap kindly the green with thy marshalling ranks,
For Washington sleeps in his majesty there.

ALASKAN LEGEND.

In Alaska there's a legend
Of a princess royal,
Taken by a tribe of bears,
Who were e'er disloyal.
She was very beautiful,—
Subjects of most legends are;
And was greatly loved by all;
Maiden rare, beyond compare.

With her captors dwelt a witch,
Who did pity much the maid,
For she knew e'er many weeks
They would act and her degrade;
With a crooning voice she said,
"Take this leathern bag and flee
At the word I'll give to thee,
Hesitate, and thou shalt die.

"Take this leathern bag," said she,
"Scatter contents on your way;
Bit of rock, a tiny piece,
Wisp of devil's club, like hay,
String of moss, both dry and sear,
And a crystal drop, a tear.
Cast these four upon your way,
They will bring you right good cheer."

Time for her to flee arrived,
And the witch her promise gave,
To assure complete escape
From her damp, confining cave.
Fleeing over mountains high,
Valleys deep, and broad champlane,
She perceived the bears pursuing
Close upon her on the plain.

Taking rock from leathern bag,
Cast it far behind her;
Up there grew a mighty mountain,
Which awhile the bears deter.

But with wondrous fleetness
The creatures it surmounted;
Close pursuing on the way—
Great misfortune she accounted.

From the leathern bag she took
Tiny speck of devil's club,
Cast it far behind her;
Up there sprang a slender shrub,
And the densest forest grew,
Momentarily increasing
Through the valley far and wide;
From pursuit the maid releasing.

On her way rejoicing gladly
Went the princess royal,
Thinking she had made escape
From the tribe disloyal.
But e'er while the tangled thicket
Ceased to impede the creatures wild;
On the mountain she perceives them,
Gaining on her steps so mild.

Then she flung behind her far,
Wisp of moss from leathern bag,
Mighty swamps o'erspread the earth,
Filled with moose, and wolves, and stag.
This a mighty barrier proved,
Densely unaccountable,
But was destined not to prove
Wholly unsurmountable.

Passage gained they onward came,
Thinking that the princess fair
Had exhausted all her arts
To their steps impede or snare.
Lastly from the leathern bag
The crystal tear she flung,
And behind a mighty river
Into being sprung.

Those descending rocky banks,
Laved by surging flood,

Stopped her wild pursuers,
Their advance withstood.
Voice of sweetest accent met her;
'Twas her father, who beside her
Stood and welcomed to his kingdom
Princess lost and found again.

YOU WOULD HAVE LOVED HER.

You would have loved her had you seen her face;
Would have adored her had you seen her form;
Had you beheld her, loveliest of her race!
Your heart would now be troubled with love's storm.

When first I saw her on those greenwood heights
She was a picture that had drawn a prize,
A Titian portrait placed 'neath perfect lights.
O could a Titian her immortalize!

O could he catch the light of those bright eyes.
Those orbs in fancy's realms were lovely seas,
Across whose azure deeps love's sweet decrees
Have sailed in many a fair and goodly breeze.

O could he catch the charm of her sweet smile;
Could he preserve the wealth of beauty there;
And those elusive graces that beguile
And lead one step by step to vain despair!

When first I met the glance of her bright eyes,
I read the doom fate portioned me of old.
Nor would her brightest smile forere suffice
To avert the allotted doom so long foretold.

Time cannot break the iron chain of fate;
Cannot efface the edicts of my doom.
How then can love its golden dream relate,
Before it dons the shroud of darkling tomb?

THE SUN'S BEAMS.

O dart thy beams, most glorious sun! to earth,
And meet at least in equal combat winds
That blow from out the frost bound northern skies,
Winds that have rusted all of summer's green.
Where blooming flowers enlivened all the scene,
One now beholds an icy coverlet;
Where trees afforded homes for mated birds
Is seen the naked, ice-bound, swaying boughs.
Bluff winter rules the season and the days.
Some sleep beneath earth's crust the ice-bound hours,
While others take their flight in dark November
To wide Brazilian, tropic streams and glades.
Mankind secludes himself with bounteous board
Indoors beside the hearth piled high with logs.
The lofty trees, bending their tops to earth
With snowy burden, bear him no concern.
The furrow's icy crown, or snow filled vale,
Fill not his soul with apprehension.
Long nights and snow filled blasts annoy him not:
He trusts the summer season's sure return.
Dart the full quiver of thy golden darts,
Radiancy divine! enthroned aloft,
Dart, and fear not the blustering, bluffing sage.
He may array thee strong in battle line
Awhile, but soon thou shalt see him retreat.
With the fair advent of thy marshalled hosts,
Bright luminary! all the world rejoice.

HOLLYHOCKS.

My garden hath a bed where the hollyhock blooms;
'Tis seen near the field where the yellow corn brooms;
It beareth the sign of the artist's, rare brush,
Who painted the lily, and the 'roses' faint blush.

My garden hath a bed where a friendship grows;
'Twas planted by the sign of the first June rose;
'Tis such a rare plant, and so delicately wrought,
I fear the blasts of winter will its beauty render naught.

IMMORTELLES.

I planted the seed of the amaranth flower
Last spring when the sun had followed the shower;
I thought I should gather the fair immortelle,
As it blossomed the morn near the seat by the well.

When I shall have gathered the fair immortelle,
I thought I would weave it with memories well;
It's perennial brightness, unfading the day,
Would strengthen the hope of the immortal way.

But when the fair season had passed, and had gone,
And ne'er a bright flower had bloomed on the lawn,
Disappointment was mine, which suggested the thought,
Perhaps all immortelles will thus come to naught.

There is a fair flower that springs in my heart,—
A pure immortelle of the heavenly sort;
'Twas planted when hopes in my breast ran high,
And grew every year the perennials by.

'Tis a flower I have cherished whilst the years have gone by;
And 'twill blossom most surely more freely and high,—
A perennial fair, and a pure immortelle,
Fadeless and bright, by the heart's living well.

A WINTER DAY.

Sakes! how old Boreas doth blow,
And drives full hard both wind and snow;
With grizzly face and eyes that glow,

 He bellows hoarse,
And makes the rivers cease to flow
 Their customary course.

Outside the storm doth rage full mad,
And beat our house as though 'twere glad
To do us mortal injury, sad.

 I rue the day,
When cruel Boreas, bold pad,
 Doth low me lay.

Far to the south cold Phoebus strays,
And hurries quick his course these days;
O'er southern lands he pours his rays,

 Bright, golden tresses.
Selene, bright, departs her ways,
 To shower sweet kisses.

No flow'rs now deck these fields so bleak;
A mantle white clothes vale and peak;
And every creature deigns to seek

 A shelter warm.
All nature, chill, doth strive to speak
 The wild alarm.

Wild is the blast, and drear the sight,
Around my gate and lattice tight;
High heaps the snow in drifts all white

 Outside my door.
God help the poor this wintry night,
 I do implore.

Poor, drooping bird, torn by the blast,
And at my door so rudely cast;
At thy cold grave I stand aghast

 With saddened heart.
Alas! thy cheerful strains are past;
 Thou'st played thy part.

Joy thou, my soul, in what thou hast;
Help thou the poor, wherever cast,
For death will lay thee low at last
 As this poor bird.
When kind to all, whate'er their past,
 Thy prayer'll be heard.

HELENIA.

Helenia! thy wavy, sun-lit hair,
Complexion of peaches-and-cream's eloquence,
Thy heart-entwining smile, and silvery tear,
Have ta'en unlawfully my heart's quintessence.

Helenia! O sweet Helenia!
Refrain thy showery, tearful smiles the day;
Forget thou the Venetian gondola,
And him who sang thy gentle heart away.

Forget those seas o'er which Nicæan barks
Drift with white sails perfumed with aloe-wood;
Thou fair gazelle! that feedest in wild parks,
Array thy soul in love's sublimest mood.

Helenia! Henlopen's waves, that dash
Around our feet, have seen my love for thee
Grow warm the days, whilst breathes the tender ash,
And sigh the gentle pines beside the sea.

Waft o'er thy memories the silvery tears
Thou'st shed for him the lingering, star-lit night,
When thou and he, the long lost purpling years,
Dreamt but of love, and of love's pure delight.

Helenia! the flight of purpling years,
Circl'ing the beauty of thy youthful days,
Hath left thee lone upon a sea of tears,—
A fair, lone bark amid the dashing sprays.

ODE TO ROBERT BURNS.

Lov'd Burns, sweet singer of proud Scotia's soil!
Low born like Christ in earth's most lowly place,
And like Him, Sympathizer of our race!
Destined thou wast to cheer the sons of toil
With the sweet songs and sobbings of thine heart.
To sing of all the arts,
That foll'weth Cupid's darts,
And of life's joys and fears, wast thine own part.
Thy neighbor, thine interpretation was
The daisy, timid mouse,
The hare, and feathered grouse,
And fallen sister weeping to the buzz
Of spinning wheel beneath her lowly roof.
Of thy nobility such is the proof.
How wondrous are the works, the ways of God!
How opposite are they
To careless, worldly way!
God's noblest son is oftenest the clod,
That richer brother's heel
Doth grind, and life congeal.
From lowly hut,
And grinding rut,
The talents of the world do spring.
The bells of heaven, sweet angels ring,
That were earth born;
The sweetest voices that do sing,
From want are torn;
The hearts, that are most easily wrung by sight
Of lonely poverty's most with'ring blight,
Have shed the bitter tear
At haughty brother's sneer:
And felt the sting of winter's cold,
And blasts, that oft the poor enfold.
So thou, great heart! didst drink thy cup of pain
And sorrow to its deepest depth:
And eat the bread of proud men's deep disdain,
That forced from thee those lamentations, sore,
That moved the world to weep with thee, and pour
Its heart's blood in thy cup with thine.

Much pain and sorrow do the heart refine;
Destruction oft is reconstruction's sign.
From out of thine imposed obscurity,
Thou didst emerge with strength, superb, and choice;
And didst interpret nature, subtle, shy,
And sing her lays in richest, sweetest voice,
While human hearts love well, and break, and weep,
They will thy words, as fairest jewels, keep.

JENNY OF SWANENDALE.

Upon thy shores, sweet Swanendale!
Where leaps the silvery tide,
Sweet Jenny gave her pledge to me,
That she'd become my bride;
And e'er will I be true,
For there I pledged my holy love,
And at her feet it threw.

Her love it is the sweetest,
That ever mortal knew;
Her heart is far the purest,
That ever life blood drew;
Her smile is all to me,
For on thy shores I pledged my heart
Upon my bended knee.

Thy shores are strewn with golden sands,
Thy plains with fragrant groves,
Thy vales with murmur'ing, dimpling streams,
O'er which joy laughing doves;
But more than beauties many,
That thou so proudly boastest,
I love my own sweet Jenny.

SILVER STREAMS.

How pleasant are thy streams, loved Swanendale!
That course their tranquil ways to thy fair strands;
How oft do they in beauty spread their frail
And crystal tides in lakes o'er golden sands.

How picturesque the overhanging trees
Of chestnut, beech and dogwood, blooming white,
That gently sway to kissings of the breeze
And dip to drink the sparkling waters bright.

The choral blackbird hid amid the reeds,
The cunning crow seeking security,
The fluty-tongued thrush warbling love's deeds,
All speak to me thy rare sublimity.

The twitt'ring swallow skimming light the wave,
The wild rose gayly blooming on the banks,
The purling rill, that springs from woodland cave,
Induce me oft to visit their sweet ranks.

Beneath yon aged beech whose gnarled roots
Curl ruggedly along the laureled bank,
The youthful lovers pour their tender thoughts,
And pledge affection's every grace and rank.

Hard by yon drooping willow casting far
Its dim uncertain shade o'er the faint green,
Haunts some bereaved one, as gleam of star
Lights the late raised mould faintly serene.

How pleasant is the fair descending bank,
Where "summer suns warm greenwood into life",
And ages past Virginia deer calm drank,
And belled her wildwood intonations rife;

Where densely trails the myrtle delicate
Amid the flowering thorn in dreamy sweetness;
Where nightly trills the gay non-celibate
His love song boisterous with its rich repleteness.

These charm the heart, and cheer the gloomy soul,
That steeped with sorrow lifts its weary head
From introspection into life more whole,
More perfect, that to happiness is wed.

How rich the soul that seeks thy lovely charms,
And rids itself of trifling cares that gall
The freer life with irksomeness, alarms,
That steal the peace and quietude of all.

The joyfulness and happiness of life
Are thus increased an hundred fold or more,
And sweeter are the moments freed from strife,
That to human life, happiness restore.

TEA PARTY.

O steep a pot of tea, dear!
Steep it to a 'T,'
Call the neighbors far and near,
And let's have glee.

Steep it brown and berry like,
Tea from tropic isle,
Steep it brown for all alike;
It brings the cheery smile.

O let's have glee, dear!
O let's have glee,
Sitting round the glowing fire,
To pass the time away.

MARIGOLDS.

I have a vase of the pure, minted gold;
'Twas poured by the sun in an emerald mold;
'Tis seen in my garden as one passeth by,—
Marigolds lingering 'neath the fair, blue sky.

I have another vase of the minted bow,
That graces the sky as the showers go,
So delicately dyed, and perfectly spun,—
Zinnias sent from the land of the sun.

STUBBLE FIELDS.

Give me the fresh mown stubble-field,—

I ask for nothing else,—

For each sweet stalk and fallen shield

My heart continuously melts.

I love the incense fragrant, sweet,

That rises to my brow;

Each waving stalk, uncut, doth meet

The wind's sweet pulses now.

Each scattered grain will feed the bird

That nestles in the thorn;

Each fallen reed will give the word

To seek some other bourne.

Bend low thine weeping eyes, sweet thrush!

And sob for young ones flown,

And then with flight at breaking flush

Seek thou the south alone.

The sun doth rise and sink to rest

Beyond those rocking woods,

And man doth live and die in quest

Of life beyond the floods;

So thou, brown, melancholy bird,

That once so sweetly sang,

Must take thy flight, unseen, unheard,

Where trackless skies o'erhang.

I love to haunt where waving corn

Doth glisten to the sun,

And hear the quail's sweet, fluty horn

Ring to the bride he'd won;

But when in ripened shocks is placed

Each weeping, bending reed,

My heart grows sad as death doth haste

To point me to my need.

O Thou, almighty, living God!

Haste to support my feet,

And cleanse my heart from earthly sod,

That comes upon me fleet.

ALMA MATER.

Awake, awake, ye sons of men;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
The day breaks on the lion's den;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
Go forth with all thy might and main,
The hosts of ignorance enchain
Knowing nor fear, nor threat, nor pain;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!

Our mother of the tranquil skies;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
The lion's whelp conquers or dies;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
The rule of time we never fear,
Thy influence is ever near,
And to each heart doth e'er endear,
Lafayette, our Lafayette!

Thy benefactions, Lafayette,
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
We'll ne'er forget, no ne'er forget,
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
Let love's sweet benedictions fall
Upon thy templed hill and hall;
All future time will great thee call;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!

When earthly shows veil our true sight,
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
We'll look for guidance to thy light;
Lafayette, our Lafayette!
Though hands of time their burdens lay
Upon our brows, till dying day
We'll never turn from thee away,
Lafayette, our Lafayette!

YULE-TIDE REFLECTIONS.

Cold blows the bitter-biting blast,
As down from Labrador at last
Old Boreas, with face aghast,
 All boldly sweeps,
And with his magic boots us past
 His chill course keeps

To where the orange blossoms bloom,
And oriole, with rudest loom,
Endeavors much to fit a room
 To keep her young;
And insects droning through the gloom,
 The reeds among;

And sweeps among the lindens tall,
That overhang our cottage wall,
And through the crevices and small
 Whistles full shrill,
And seems to us within to call
 To mind its will.

With mental weariness and care,
Through laying arguments all bare,
I laid my book within its lair,
 And inward gazed.
The village clock rang through the air
 In tones that blazed

The mind with thoughts funereal,
And lit the flame, most magical,
That leads to acts oft tragical
 To human soul,
And died away, as mystical,
 As witching ghoul.

And, with the sound, there floated in
Through dusty windows shadows, thin
At first, then thicker, till within
 The quaint old room
I nothing saw, nor heard the din,
 That ceased, as gloom

Approached, and brooded o'er the town,
Like winged monster and his frown
Of fabled past. And the white down
Of heaven fell
All noiselessly upon its own
Within earth's cell.

And of the event I pondered o'er,
Of Christ's lone birth, and all His store
Of simple, philosophic lore;
And of the life
He lived, and of the fruits it bore
Through earthly strife.

With thoughts of past, and of mine own
Fond dreams, when as a child, life shone,
With sweet attractive blossoms blown,
Around my way,
I meditated deep alone
With God this day.

Of how I knelt long years ago
At mother's knee, with heart aglow,
And said, "Our Father"; then to stow
Me snug and warm
Within my bed, she bended low,
And frightened harm

From off my mind, as on my brow
She placed the kiss, that even now
Thrills in my dreams. And even how
I then did ask,
Who Jesus was, when she did low
And sweetly task

Herself to teach my childish mind,
And, lo! the answer came full kind,
"Jesus is God." Then moaned the wind
About our home,
And slumber me did gently find,
Nor troublesome.

Then I did well remember how
I climbed, when as a boy, the mow,

And strayed the fields, and watched the cow
 Bite upward quick,
And hunted for the mistle' bough
 Along the creek;

And how we skated winter nights,
Returning home with appetites,
That quick disposed of the delights
 Upon our boards,
And slept the sleep that health invites,
 And joy accords.

And of the many loves I had,
That did mine inmost heart make glad,
And then the thought came o'er me sad,
 Of how a man
Oppressed a widow and her lad.
 At which began

My drooping face to heated be,
To know the right a man, though he
As Croesus were did have to ply
 His selfish trade
To oppress the poor of low degree,
 And them upbraid.

And where's the justice of God's grace,
That heaps upon this human race
The miseries, that come apace
 Through others deeds,
As though our own do not embrace
 The sable weeds;

And where's the kindness of His heart,
That makes us suffer for the part
Our willful parents play so smart?
 Yet no one knows
His will, nor understands the art,
 That from Him flows.

God liveth ever, even now;
That right is truth, men will allow;
That all are steeped within the slough
 Of sinful lust,

And all the acts of men endow
 Us with disgust,
 Each understands and all believe;
 Life's purposes but few perceive;
 Thin treach'rous shadows men deceive.
 All hail to him,
 Who leaves the springs of wrong to cleave
 With heart and limb
 To paths of righteousness and truth.
 Then I awoke to things of youth,
 Endeavoring much to stay the ruth
 Within my heart;
 And, wending way far toward the south,
 I did depart.

SONGS OF NATURE.

There's a song upon the apple boughs a-flooding all the air,
 As the morning breaks in splendor o'er the meadow and the
 plain;
 There's a chorus on the river banks dispelling gloom's despair,
 Proclaiming that the winter's gone, and spring's return again.
 There's a whiteness and a pinkness on the orchard's spreading
 bough;
 There's a sign of summer's freedom on the tree tops at the
 dawn;
 O the joy within the manly heart, that follows up the plow,
 A-cutting through the stubborn glebe, the fallow land, and
 lawn.
 There's the lightness and the joyfulness a-springing in the heart,
 That finds its greatest pleasure in the tilling of the soil;
 There's the rapture and the thrilling that is heaven's counter-
 part;
 These are just the reasons for the farmer's daily toil.
 There's the fragrance and the beauty of the orchard's springing
 bloom;

The glory of the early morn a-gleaming in the sky;
The charm of many patterns wove in nature's spacious loom;
These rejuvenate the heart; these awaken drowsy eye.
There's the song upon the lips, and the song within the heart;
These redeem the fallen nature, and the brutishness of man;
There's the song within the soul, and the song love's counter-
part;

These proclaim the grandure and the majesty of man.

There's a song upon the lips of nature babbling like a brook;
There's an uplift over meadow, winding river, piney grove;
Rising from the heart of earth all bouyant, might in every look,
Heave the monotones of nature with the undertones inwove.

The pleasant spring is building all the earth anew with green,
Adorning all the by-ways with the beauty of her youth;
Thus through her fair returnings, with gentlest, sweetest mien,
The earth seems not so barren, nor our lives of living truth.

How pleasantly the rivers flow amid their flowery banks,
When nature has a rolling song upon her youthful lips;
How refreshing are the winds of heaven blowing ranks on ranks
Of ocean's precious argosies and airy, winged ships!

Then the gorgeous year with richest hand showers on her maid-
en season

All the wealth that earth is heir to, all the riches of the east;
Immortal vigor, powers celestial, and all that reason
Yieldeth, that heaven contriveth for a royal marriage feast.

This the hour when the south winds move on the wings of gen-
tle spring,

When the firey, burning sun northward extends his radiant
beam,

Revives the meads and fields, induces birds to gayly sing,
The bleating herds to witness the reviving year and dream.

Go, thou north wind! and to thy going we extend a glad fare-
well;

Thou, boy! having lost thy fiercest virtues to the smiles of
lovely spring;

Peace hath been proclaimed where wasting wars and enmity
did dwell,

And her emblazonry and gentle arms around do ring.

Behold! this is the fair precursor of the golden year,
When cups of rare ambrosia preceed delicious fruit;
When blue skies shed their brightest influence on earthly sphere;
When to spring's moist, pledged vows fair summer's marriage
follows suit.

TO VIOLA.

Return, O my charmer! return to thy love;
Return to the bosom, that's waiting for thee;
The sun's lengthened course, as it circles above,
Makes dreary the breast, that was once light and free.

Remember the bosom, that nestled thy head,
And comforted thee with assurance of love;
Remember the tears, that were lovingly shed,
As pledged we our vows with the orange above.

O cherish the memories, that often return
To gladden our hearts with sweet dreams of the past!
O cherish the moments of bliss, that do burn
With sweet inspiration our hearts' recesses fast!

O tear not my bosom with longings for thee!
O heed the sweet call to return to thy love!
My heart's only pleasure, O list to my plea,
And happy my heart make with joy from above!

Sweet angel of light and blest image divine,
Sweet thrillings of rapture now rush o'er my breast,
Like music of harps and light dancings of wine,
When crowned with the myrtle I sing at my best.

SONNETS.

Now lovely Morn awakes from slumbers sweet,
And rises prompt to rouse the sleeping earth;
Her tasks she first assumes of matchless worth,
Spreading her canvas wide with tints replete,
To where the high and lower heavens meet;
And touching lightly gives each fancy birth,
That springs within her mind of wondrous girth.
With plaque, paint-pots, and brushes, canvas sheet,
She hastens westward on the wings of light.
What pleasures must the lovely Morn enjoy!
She quaffs from flower-cups the lustrous dew,
Each moment presses gardens, flowering, bright,
Inhales the fragrance that the gods oft cloy,
Each river, vale, and fertile plain reviews.

The hoar frost in chill winter paints the pane;
He paints mysteriously in dead of night,
And keeps his secret from our curious sight.
He lives just as the wind that rocks the vane,
And travels summer lands with numerous train.
Each fern and leaf and flower to pencil, light,
Yield their fair forms, and further search invite.
Each vale doth yield to him nor e'er complain.
Then Morn, with glowing eyes the panes looks in;
She sees the magic frost at work within,
And bids him cease his work 'gainst curious eye.
But he must on, and curious look defy;
She passes, looks each window in, then stops,
And for each sleeping eye a message drops.

Now Morning older grows and into Noon;
A woman dressed in gorgeous robes and fair,
With radiant face, and golden, streaming hair.
Her lustrous eyes, to earth a happy boon,
In azure settings, fair as nightly moon,
Warm the chill earth, and dry the gushing tear.
View her, you cry, Behold the Noon, the rare,
The radiant one, the earth is hers and soon.
She older grows, and lingers in the west

Upon her throne, in choicest colors drest.
Her scepter wields o'er all the mortal race,
And claims each heart, that loves the poet's place.
She soon resigns her brilliant place to-night;
The glowing throne, the charm of mortal sight.

Evening arrives in elegant attire;
Her comely neck and fairest bosom wound
With lustrous pearls, her eyes with light abound;
Rare jewels, laces, finest silks conspire
To enhance her beauty, and sweet grace acquire;
With richest fabrics Persia's looms surround
Her gorgeous throne, in splendor world renowned,
And Fancy's fingers all the scene inspire.
For her old ocean's caves their treasures yield,
And spheres their wealth from richest mine and field;
Through all her rosy countenance beams forth,
Like some fair woman's of exceeding worth,
And from her eyes transcendent love serene
Shines, and irradiates the heavenly mien.

She waves her sceptre; myriad courtiers bow,
And numberless her trains of maidens greet
The radiant queen with long-thrown kisses sweet.
O'er her dominions, each with massy brow,
Richly caparisoned, her horsemen go;
And million snowy sails, a gorgeous fleet,
Command the shores of heaven and earth complete.
Again her sceptre waves, and from below
The Queen of Night appears with silver bow
And spangled courtiers, bright; Eve's maidens go,
And yield their sovereignty to blessed Night,
Who rules the vital earth with quiet might.
He holds such milder rule than active day
That earth, ambitious, yields to his sweet sway.

Attired in sable robes majestic Night
Greets the retiring Evening with his power;
His magic touch brings fay and elf from flower,
Heaven's azure deeps, and caves obscure to sight,
And leads them through fair gardens of delight.
Each fairy circle, heath and leafy bower,

"Clear spring and shady grove," and midnight hour,
Its wonders hath in dancing fay and spright.
Cupid is chief, a careless, roguish boy,
Whose delight is in seeking maidens coy,
To shoot his arrow dipped with poisoned dew
Into their hearts, so tender, sweet and true,
And make them bleed of love, the sweetest wound
That heart can have and known the world around.

He fondly lingers in the chilling North,
Directing winds that cool the sun-scorched South;
And for his optic pleasure in the great bear's mouth
Hangs fair Aurora. With his toe on earth
He stretches forth his arms of mighty girth
And grasps the pole star, and the cross forsooth,
And holds them guides for mariners uncouth.
He sends on errands far his couriers forth.
His love lorn maidens drop their lustrous tears,
And on each lidded eye impart a kiss,
That soothes the heart once freighted low with cares.
They search each flowery plain and deep abyss
The summer long, and drop their robes of white
As Winter comes, and Summer takes her flight.

His power is wondrous o'er the mortal race,
When arms victorious clash in dread array,
And shout and cheer rise in the far away,
His eye invisible seeks every flushing face,
And soothes the hating heart howe'er so base.
In slumbers sweet he leads them till the day
In glory breaks his dread and mighty sway,
And routs him from his long retained place.
His birth was first among God's numerous hosts;
Nor doth he yield that place to Light's loud boasts.
The proud inheritance of all heaven's spheres
He long hath joyed with all that time endears.
His rule invigorates the sun-scorched earth,
And drooping flowers look up as with new birth.

The wind roams freely o'er the peopled earth;
As freely as the dreams of pinioned slave.
His delight is in coursing crested wave,

And hiding in the snowy sail with mirth.
His fickle temper fits the spring's wild birth;
And brooks no bound nor master's chiding save
The one on Galilee that Jesus gave.
His life hath ne'er a care of mention worth.
He is so fickle that he blows both ways
At once like Janus with his double mouth.
He is a wizard, changing form at will;
Now hides in maple trees and blooming bays,
Now chases fairy creatures north and south;
Laughs, blows, and whispers, drinks of dews his fill.

The sailor watches long to gain his will,
When snowy sails hang idly on the mast,
And quiet all save sea-gull sailing past;
And then the demon wretch with voice full shrill
Upheaves the ocean once serene and still,
And holds the goodly ship with fingers fast,
And drives the sailor to his knees at last.
He cuddles often in a crevice chill,
And sallies forth at every passer by.
He is a curious chap, to mortal eye
Unseen, yet heard, and felt, and known to be.
Imprisoned e'er so fast, he doth but flee
One knows not whither, neither how, nor when.
Demon he and of sky a denizen.

One day in May after had fallen sweet showers,
The meads put on their gorgeous dresses rare,
And soft invited creatures of the air
To hold their festivals among the flowers,
Such feast as fairies hold at mid-eve hours.
The meadow queen spoke to her flowers so fair;
"Attire yourselves in hues beyond compare."
Blue violets rose from their verdant bowers,
Glen lilies with their fair inverted bells,
And fairy circles grew for dancing places.
But of the flowers beside the meadow wells,
And all the loveliness that pencil traces,
None can for modest loveliness compare
With dainty buttercups, full blooming, rare.

One day in May after soft winds had kissed
The three leafed clover into milky sweetness,
Caressed the apple boughs to full repleteness,
And had chill winter gruff and bold dismissed,
And dashed headlong adown the sky abyssed,
Tuning all throats to sing beyond discreetness,
Filling all creatures' hearts to full completeness,
Nor aught in the changed season fair remissed.
After the pent-up sun had burst its bond,
And with slow step advanced to northern sphere,
And stirred the heart of nature to its deeps,
And like a creature from the dark beyond
Coming full tilt to fashion his career,
Leaps o'er the abysses and ascends the steeps;

The world attired itself beyond compare,
And love enthroned was within all hearts.
On brow of nature fairer than all arts
Sat beauty, queen of light, and debonair,
Dispensing favors long the heart's despair,
Implanting earth with lovely counterparts,
And million smiles and graces free imparts
To creatured things of earth, and sea, and air.
Like to a butterfly that leaps from bed,
Where it had slept the wintry months away,
Attired in rarest hues to mortal sight,
Through the lymph ether, bright, disporting, sped
In circling courses, as though to display
Its beauty, joy, and hope, to morning light.

Like budding aspirations of the mind,
Exulting in the climes of thought before
Unwinged, undiscovered seas of lore,
That leap and fly as though on kindest wind:
Like to the hope that springeth most refined
To heart of youth and bearing precious store;
Not hope deferred that maketh sick the score
Of life, and leaveth empty heart and blind.
Like to the dream of love to heart of youth,
That springeth high on wings of joy and trust.
Like to the conquest and the heart's control
By unremittent power of right and truth;

Like to the great reward for good and just,
Lodged on the battlements of human soul.

O soul, the mark of man's great dignity!
O mind, the counterpart of human soul!
With equal dignity inscribed upon the roll
Religious or of apt philosophy;
For round them both there glows divinity,
Of such a pure and noble fashion, whole
Ages past have inscribed them on their scroll;
Have had them raised to chief authority;
Some of them have worshipped in idolatry,
O'erlooking the divine command of old,
Issued by God to Moses times of yore;
Yet for its wondrous immortality,
Worthy great adoration, long foretold
In holy writ, and ancient sacred lore.

That day in May, whilst through the limpid air
There stole the resinous sounds of springing flower,
Nursed into consciousness by April shower,
Watched o'er by queen of May, so debonair,
The whole world changed, and with the change despair
Yielded forthwith her place and subtle power,
And were transformed into a lovely bower,
Wherein the glories of the earth declare
The great immutabilities of God
In rich creative efforts, e'er most fair,
In holy aspirations budding bright,
In fairest vales that ever mortal trod,
In purest thoughts that spring from soulful care
In love of high divinity and right.

In such a change the loveliness of God
Is shown to mortal vision here below;
'Tis like the incense that from flowers blow
On the warm airs of spring o'er turf and sod;
'Tis like the spirit of the deep that trod
The murm'ring seas, and voice of even flow
That gave command to winds times long ago,
And mien of holiest aspect, and the rod
Of goodness, scepter of authority,

Within whose perfect hand, is wielded for
The common weal of all man's kith and kin;
'Tis like the glance of that mild, patient eye,
Whose kindly lid ne'er wearily rests, nor
Fails to bestow its healing glance refined.

And with the change the joy of heavenly kind
Usurped the throne long held by vain despair;
The rightful throne of perfectness and fair;
Of which deprived by darkness and the mind
Of evil, and which swept like wind
High hope from off her throne without compare,
And all her dear attendants did ensnare;
But not for aye, for hope the false did bind.
How beautiful is hope, the spark divine!
It lights the human mind to noblest thoughts;
The heart to brave endeavor. Lo, it brings
Surcease of sorrow, lifts the gloom's confine,
Expels dark anguish from the soul sin-wrought,
Attunes the heart to chords of lyric strings.

Hope leads the fair procession of the Graces,
And leads the Virtues in a minuet,
And stately, queen like, when in concourse met,
The courtesying Nymphs with fairest forms and faces.
Hope reigns supreme in all the goodly places,
Doth ever wear a golden coronet,
Her bright insignia with jewels set
Adorns her beauteous form with rarest laces.
Hope is the jewel of the human heart,
Irradiant as the cloudless sun at noon,
And set resplendently in purest gold.
Hope dimeth not with age, but doth impart
A purer light, serene, fair to behold;
Outshining all the stars or goodly moon.

The youth, whose heart is set with jewelled hope,
Advances on life's course with steady rein;
To him unknown the accident and pain
Encompassed within the course's scope;
Unable yet to read life's horoscope.
Advancing on his pleasant way he fain

Would seize fruitful ambition's fickle train,
And ride to victory, that life's doors ope.
His pulse beats high as o'er the course he rides,
And feels his buoyant spirits leap to land,
To head, to heart, and thrill with steadfast joy.
With straight composure he the course abides,
Nor glittering allurements him command,
Nor golden balls flung out do him decoy.

Nor doth Nemesis interpose her word,
Nor intermingle fair prosperity
With darkling gloom or drear adversity;
Nor in the common breast revenge e'er stirred.
Happily he hath not her ill incurred.
He doth enjoy life's pure felicity,
For youth and hope are joined in poesy,
Nor e'er with envy's bitterness concurred.
Hope in his breast is like a planted seed,
Nurtured beside an ever-flowing stream,
Kissed by warm suns, and incense bearing winds,
That grows to fruitful tree, a perfect dream
Of beauty in a lovely, flowering mead.
It one of Beulah's fateful land reminds.

Truly is hope a Beulah land to him;
Its very airs are sweet beyond compare;
Its incense laden breezes are most rare;
The voice of doves are heard from every limb;
Each fountain trickles from its gleaming brim;
Both day and night the sun doth equal share;
Wayfarers for a season journey there;
And far behind lies that dark valley grim,
Where gloom and sorrow rule with equal power;
It lies upon the border land of heaven;
Yea, here the bridegroom meets his lovely bride;
Renews his pledge beneath the orange bower;
The fields, their corn, the vineyards, wine of seven,
Yield their abundance, long since Beulah's pride.

The man, firm in his strength, and rugged might,
Rose like the sun from out his airy bed,
Impatient much ambition's dream to wed;

And like a mantle casts aside the night.
Ye brilliant heavens! behold the pleasing sight,
And o'er the scene thy happy influence shed.
Ye gods of eld! that lightsome Grecians led,
Irradiant look from thy celestial height;
Bid all thy hosts look on this wondrous sight;
Reform their valor and their boasts of eld;
Bid all thy captains mighty deeds perform,
And more engaging manners bear them light;
For on the man whose breast with hope is held
One views the boast of heaven in perfect form.

When the bright sun ascends fair heaven's steeps,
Advancing on his daily course with joy,
For all celestial bodies bright convoy;
O'er such a vision the high heaven weeps;
For such the oceans yield their fairest deeps;
The earth, and air and water do employ
Their most engaging manners to decoy
His perfect favor, while he onward sweeps.
The blazing orb, self-centered in the sky,
Doth rule with adamant rod the world;
Strong in his power, unconquered in his might.
Wise is the ruler from his throne on high;
And justice hath her banners e'er unfurled.
Such lordliness should justly rule such height.

Arise, ye earthly hosts! salute this man:
In him are joined the virtues of the eld;
Intrepid valor in his breast e'er swelled;
The moral virtues bound him to their plan;
The heavens complete, and earth in him foreran.
Salute, ye tribes of men! for him beheld
The gods, and long hath he them paralleled.
Behold him, and his heavenly virtues scan.
Perfection dwells within this manly breast,
And in each ruby drop the fire of hope
Leaps like a flaming tongue to fire his brain,
To hie him off on lines of nobler quest,
With which the gods alone are fit to cope
Bearing celestial blessings in his train.

A noble mind is God's best gift to man.
Christ loves a sweet, forgiving spirit best.
Who dares to do the right will be the guest
Of Him who sketched the universal plan,
If holy writ be true. His will foreran
The stars, His purposes are manifest
In all His works. He did the heavens invest
With glories. These the righteous man will scan.
The man, whose faith is grounded deep in hope,
Will see God face to face and do his will.
Life's tressleboard will bear His perfect plan,
Sketched clearly, universal in its scope;
Fit to be honored in the master's skill;
The hope of every righteous, godly man.

THE SEA.

THE BAY.

I have seen thee arrayed in beauty, bay!
Plashing the silver sands of lovely Kent;
I have seen thee lashing angrily thy
Strong confines, and on seeming evil bent;
I have seen thee give the disk of dawn,—
Dripping with the blood of heathen slain,
To a world of darkling, black humanity;
A world of striving, and a world of pain.

I have seen thee calm as mountain lake,
Sheltered beneath a wind-swept, stalwart grove,
When thy light, curling wave caressed the sands
With kissings upon kissings of sweet love.
I have seen thee both austere and full mild;
Lashing the beach in the bright, morning hours;
Laving the foreshores with the foamy wave;
Tenderly murmuring as evening showers.

Thou hast been mine when I did leap in thee,
And claim thee all for wild disporting pleasure;
With sturdy stroke, and rugged arm, I dashed
The wave that shoreward curled with ceaseless measure.

And I have sailed upon thy heaving bosom,
Beneath poetic moons, and tempest cloud,
With timbers creaking loudly to the blasts,
And storm blown surges trumpeting aloud.

And I have made thee mine, when she and I
Did wander on thy streaming, moon-lit shore,
Murmuring words, poetic as the stars,
That shore, and blazed, while list the billow's roar,
As hand in hand we lingered on the strand,
And uttered tenderest words, as lovers have,
And wore the hours away, as lingeringly
We called the moon to witness, and the wave.

I met upon thy shores an old sea-man,
And old sea-captain, winter in his hair;

Upon his brow the furrows of the deep
Had left the ravage of the sea's despair;
Forth from his eyes the light of other days
Blazed like the mighty orb of tropic zones;
The very rugged life of the bold sea
Was hid within the marrow of his bones.

His day had been of toil upon the sea;
His bark had plowed the deadly, wintry main;
His snowy sails had floated idly on
The mast beneath the tropic suns of Spain;
He'd met the perils of the stormy deep,
And lived to tell of countless "hairbreath scapes;"
Of mighty monsters met upon the way;
And men more savage than all watery shapes.

His cottage by the sand-hills of the sea,
Was roofed with sea-grass cast upon the shore,
Torn from the ocean's bed by stormy seas;
And dried sea-moss was strewn upon the floor
Whereon he lay against the leafy wall;
About were strewn the instruments of strong,
And toilsome hands, to entrap the finny tribes,
Despoil the sea-dens of their scaly throng;—

This represented all his toil and wealth.
His threshold neither door, nor watch dog had.
All things to him seemed superfluity.
His lone sentinel was stern poverty.
No neighbor e'en enlivened all the scene,
Save the dark sea that floated up its wave
Against his narrow, lonely cabin door;
Whilst the moon waxed, and waned, and lustre gave.

The desolate margin of the sea at last
Hath yielded up its tribute and its prize;
The flotsam of a wierd and stormy sea;
The jetsam of a coast that lonely lies;
We lay upon the leafy, sea-tossed bed,
Beside the murmuring wave, and slumbered not.
The chariot of the moon had not reached
The mid-point of her course in heaven's grot.

HIS STORY.

"The good ship John was wrecked with me near by
A tropic isle," the lonely captain said.

"Her keel was split in twain on coral rocks;
The good ship lay upon the ocean's bed.

"To boat, to boat", rang out from all the crew,
And to the plashing wave the boat was given;

She rode upon the breakers to the surf;
The coast upon whose shores the ship was riven.

"A savage band awaited our arrival
Upon this most inhospitable coast;

I knew our fate was sealed, our lives were doomed,
But standing in the prow, now wave-plashed tost,

I looked to heaven alone for my relief.
Holding outstretched my arms and face aloft,

I gave a cry of great distress to God,
And hailed the unknown, savage band full oft.

"To my great, glad surprise, the chiefest one
Of that wild band arrayed upon the shore,

Replied to all my hailings, and hailed back
A sign of mercy o'er the ocean's roar;

And when my hailings all were ended quite,
The savage band, without their chief, retired

A long ways from the surf-swept, wave-plashed shore;
The chief of us our direst needs inquired.

"Saved from a watery, and an unknown grave,
And death more horrible than words can tell,

We thanked the God who rules the wind and wave,
But yet could not our future full foretell.

Howe'er the chief great mercy showed to us,
Supplied our wants, and sent us on our way

Rejoicing; on the ship that next passed there,
We shipped for home, nor wished prolonged our stay."

He spake so kindly, and so lovingly,

Of the wide sea, arrayed in tragic splendor,
One would believe he had been sea-born quite,

Like sea-sprites, which the waves engender;
Or mermaids, screaming on the crest of each

Wild wave that shoreward dashes hour by hour;

Or fabled creatures told in ancient story,
Which saved sweet Arion by their wondrous power.

When I had looked upon his rugged face,
His head all hoary with the passing years,
The light of the old sea's, pure, azure vaults
Still shining brightly from his eyes;—to tears
Nor stranger, for he'd had his tragedy
As well as men of younger, better days;
My heart uttered its mightiest words of love
For him, the rover of the ocean's ways.

I loved him for I knew him as he was;—
A relic of the mystic, margined sea,
The tragical remains of a more tragic life,
Than ever land-reared man would subject be;
I loved him for the dangers he had met;
Because he'd drawn aside the fourscore years
As lightly as the eve her scarlet clouds;
As sure as fountain trickles out its tears.

Thou hast been mine, O stormy, mystic sea!
When I did stand where dancing surges roar,
And listen to the music of thy bold,
And boistrous waves upon the sea-beat shore:
Where all before me leaped thy mighty ranks
Of phalanxed armies rushing to the fray,
As angrily, incessantly, they smote
The insensate, rock-ribbed, stubborn shores the day.

THE FISHERS.

I have seen thee, O beauteous, shining sea!
Dash thy light, curling wave upon the breasts
Of those who sought to lure the finny tribes,
Wading breast deep amid the plashing crests
Of thy bright surges, born of ocean's caves,
When new moon blent its wave in western sky,
Tilt to the north, and hollowed in the south,
Nurse of the old, child of its piety.

IMAGES.

I have seen thee, sea! dash thy beauteous wave,
Sparkling on crest whilst morning gilds the east,

And dancing merrily when the blazing mansions
 Of ruby throated evening in the west
 Burst in transcendant glories on the eye;
 And on thy gorgeous, pendant tapestries
 Have woven images, and faces, dear
 To sacred tablets of our memories;

 Sweet images of fair ones loved and lost,
 Whence springeth all the heart-aches flesh is heir
 To, and of youth's fancies, illumined with
 The light of other days, all gorgeous, rare;
 Of her I loved for she had borne my griefs;
 Of her I loved and lost, and shed the tear;
 For whom I grieved my heart away as time went on,
 And last saw lying on her lonely bier.

 The face of him who died in infancy;
 The care, the joy, the hope, of her pure life;
 Whose early days we'd watched with tend'rest care;
 And when he'd passed the bourne of earthly strife,
 And entered portals of more joyful days,
 Alas! the lasting heart-aches came that hour;
 For angels bore his soul on cherub wings,
 And left us lonely in our love-lorn bower.

 His sweet, cherubic features haunt me still,
 And in my memory's vision linger e'er;
 I see his face within my garden flowers,
 Perennial memories e'er blooming there;
 I would not, could not, wish it otherwise,
 For with his birth, and his cherubic death,
 My heart received a quiverful of darts,
 As sharp, and painful, as a fiery breath.

THE BAR.

When on the outer bar the fishermen
 Swing their baited hooks to the freshening breeze,
 And dip the flooding tide, and rolling surge,
 I've seen thee riding shoreward perfect seas;
 Have gloried in thy majesty and power;
 Luxuriated in thy sheenful wave;
 Have watched thee yield the unwilling trout the hand
 Of him who dared thy bounding billows brave.

I love to gaze upon thy outer bar,
Thine and the ocean's demarcation's line,
Still held by thee as loth to yield her own
To ocean's realm, and perfect wave, divine;
Where passeth mighty ships with fleecy gowns;
And monsters of the deep hunt lesser tribes;
Where dangers lurk, and tragedies abound;
And profit still the timorous sailor bribes.

I love also to gaze beyond the bar,
Where great ships, and the lesser, breast the wave;
Where billows lengthen, deepen on the main,
And ride from shore to shore like troopers brave;
Where ships have more adventurous seas to cross;
Cargoes of more moment; sea-roads more vast;
And ports, acknowledged marts of mighty trade;
And climes, where mighty peoples are amassed.

As silently as army in their tents,
Slumbering 'neath the glinting, starry lights,
Thou mov'st, old ocean! purpling in thy gloom,
Shoreward to storm the boundless, gleaming heights.
The passage of the fateful, outer bar,
The moving on the shallows from the deeps,
Bring muffled rollings of the watery drums;
Like sudden tempests on the mountain steeps.

The gleaming tide breaks suddenly its sheen;
Enjoys activity, and sound, and form;
The tuneful patterings of a thousand feet
Are heard, as like the approach of wild war-storm;
The clattering hoofs of multitude dragoons;
And sounding swarms of myriad mountain-bees;
Like howling packs of dark, Thuringian wolves,
Snapping with hungry fangs the freshening breeze.

This side the outer bar among the shoals,
Where all the mutterings of the deep are heard,
One fain would dwell watching the dancing wave,
With all our griefs within the past interred;
But yet we look with strained, yearning eyes,
Beyond the bar upon the quiet deeps,
And there behold more richly laden barks,
Bearing the precious freight of hopes and griefs.

And so our days when spent amid the shoals,
And murmuring shallows of our sea of life;
Filled with the siren voice of self indulgence,
And dancing on a wave with pleasure rife;
Long wasted on a reckless dashing sea;
And wrecked on rocks submerged and dangerous;
Bear for us only dreams, and unfulfilled
Desires, and actions most calamitous.

HENLOPEN.

How lovely, fair Henlopen! are thy shores,
Whose shifting sands all silver, gleaming lie
Upon the breast of her we're wont to call
Our mother, compassed by the boistrous sea.
Thee I love, fair one! laved by the bright tide,
That flows from coral depths in endless stream,
A mighty river in the ocean's deeps,
To climes where icy mountains ever gleam.

Henlopen's light one sees a-gleam afar,
Shedding its beams upon the surges bright,
Beckoning to him who views the storm afar,
A sheltering harbor for a stormy night;
Pointing the way of safety while the blasts
Of mighty fog horn rend the freshening gale;
And steadfast on the rocky water-break
The iron light the midnight doth impale.

Thy fair, blue waters, I have seen thee lash
Upon the long, white shores full angrily;
O wondrous ocean! lovely in thy strength!
Didst thou but know the power that lay in thee,
No living thing, nor ship, could e'er withstand
Thee in thy moods of livid ire and wild;
They but the playthings of thy willful hands;
As crumbling toys in hands of angry child.

And thee, Henlopen! have I seen o'erstrewn
With mighty barks shipwrecked upon thy shores,
Lashed by the surge, and washed upon the sands;
The sport of those, who feed upon thy stores;
Who, bred beside the anger of the sea,
Have learned to welcome what most others fear;

To range the shores, and breast the dangerous wave,
And seize with eager hands that they hold dear.

And I have stood upon thy giant piers,
That stand exalted o'er the ocean wave,
Upholding for the use of earth the stores
Of man's long industry and that of slave;
Cargoes discharged from ships upon the main,
And then transmitted to appointed end;
Iron piers, where stern battleships may lash
With hawsers though the surges wild contend.

And thou dost fire the rapture of my heart,
When I behold thee 'neath the summer skies,
Resting serenely on thy throne of pines,
Whilst rare, perfected beauty round thee lies;
I've seen thy unsurpassed skies, Henlopen!
When from their leaden deeps the light'ning shot,
The mighty thunders pealing in their depths,
And sought from memory thy beauty blot.

THRESHING FLOORS.

I love the threshing floors of olden time;
The joys that cluster round the memories
Of Ruth's fair days in Palestinian fields.
I love the pulsing, throbbing, winnying breeze;
I love the treading ox upon those floors,
Who round and round treads out the precious grain;
I love the splendid horses, who, patient as
Young lambs, the threshing engines full enchain.
I love the sheaf-bearers' wild, tuneful song,
Whose birth place was the hearts of Afric's men;
I love the stackers as they tear asunder
Their carefully trained work of former days;
I love the agency of human hands,
For they have instinct of the human heart
Behind them, and they seldom crush the soul,
Nor atomize the poor man's earthly part.

I love the agency of human hands;
I love the agency of human soul;
I love the agency of human heart;
I love the agency of man's control.
The cruel arm of iron lacks the touch,
The sympathetic touch of human heart;
I love the touch of broad humanity;
It man uplifts, and plays the noblest part.

I love the ancient, time-worn, threshing floors;
Their memories are the grandest of them all;
The ceaseless whirl of cruel steam precludes
The prayers that have gone up since Adam's fall;
The humanizing, agonizing, wild
Petitions for the lingering joy of living,
Are e'er precluded by the inhuman thing
Of burning throat, and cruelest contriving.

I love the corn floors, oat floors, rye floors, all;
I love the separations, and the care
Bestowed upon the separations, and
The heapings up of grain from husks blown bare;
I love the husbandman, who comes with head
Uncovered, bowed, and prayerful his mein;
The illumination of his face, whilst he
Doth view with wondering pleasure all the scene;

Whilst he doth truly view with adoration
The God who placed this in his hands to feed
Upon, to draw his life force from, to hope,
To joy, to plead with, to live by, and heed;
To weep over, pray over, and sing o'er,
To give his heart's blood its wild flood and ebb,
To find his surest comfort in the heaps,
And pilings up of fruit of ancient glebe;

I love him when he stands with joyful heart
Upon the brink of all the heapings up,
And wonders, gazes, sings, and croons his heart
Away in sweet communion at this cup.
I love him when he acts like man gone mad,
Filled with the rapture of his heart's great joy;
When he, intoxicated with the sight,
Doth unintelligable words employ.

I love him when his vision penetrates
The veil and sees the spirit through it all;
Beholds the mighty wonder of it all;
And hears the everlasting, blessed call.
I love him when he strokes it with his hand;
And feasts upon its beauty, and its glory;
And pats it with the love he gives his horse,
The horse beloved in new and ancient story.
I love him when he tallies up the measure;
The heaping measures of the threshing floors;
The bushels running o'er and lightened with
The hearty laugh resounding in the doors;
I love him while he lingers o'er the scene;
I love the finest animation of
His beaming, mighty, manly countenance;
I love the crooning cooings of a dove.
I love the billing pigeon on the roof—
Tree of the barn a-cooing all the day;
The chirping chicklets, plaintive duckings, all;
The hissing, yellow goslings in their play;
I love the animation of the life,
The vigor, vital force in nature's joy;
The flutings of the redbreast at the eve;
The dancings and the prancings of the boy.
I love the farm wagons returning from
The fields, heavily laden with the sheaves;
The creaking, clattering wheels; the clanking harness;
The willing horse pressing the earth leaves;
The mighty ox bearing the burdened yoke,
Willing to do what he could in his day;
Earning the occasional wisp snatched from the floors,
Nor halting, nor rebelling on the way.
I love the mighty powers that rise from all
Eternity, and destined to descend
Into the everlasting ages of
The hills, and ever them transcend.
I love the vigor of the mountain airs,
The pines, the spruce, the firmest mounts themselves;
I love the vigor of the god-like oak,
That kisses heaven with its head, and delves

The all resourceful earth with its firm root;
And with its clayey, pure, fantastic arms
Takes hold upon the sure foundations of
The mighty hills, and e'er defies the storms.
I love the heavenly, spreading, vernal arms,
That craftily support the lofty dome;
Embracing mightily the azure deeps,
And wondrous winds, that heavenward lashing clomb.

JUNE DAYS.

Ye harvest days in lovely, perfect June,
When bright perfection broods o'er all the earth,
And high vitality, arrayed in pure
And spotless form, and animated worth,
Prepares a mighty store for future years;—
The heir and legatee of former time;
Ye bear within your hidden texture firm,
The hope, and safety of our race sublime.
These are the days, when man steppeth across
The garlanded threshold of the present,
Into the area of the boundless future;
The active, and the quiescent moods blent;
The forward movement, and that of divine pause;
The season of work, and that of wholesome rest;
The six days of creation, and Sabbath;
Rare days of thought, and contemplation blest;
The season of noon blent with twilight;
Activity blent with passivity;
The day of separations draweth nigh;
The days of finished separations lie
About us with the full baskets of chaff,
Light in the hands of the winnowing workers,
And running over baskets of the wheat,
Light in the arms of the harvest lovers;
Well rounded days, well lighted days with hope;
Man with the baskets of the season filled,
Heaping up, rounding in, and flowing o'er,
Lingers with joy, like tempest ocean stilled,
And once receives the gift, divinely rare,
Which is for him, who sees his all in all

In love and praise, in purity and hope,
Who harkens to the voice of nature's call.

He seems to seize the very skirts of God
Himself, so mighty is his vision fair;
His soul leaps mortal bounds to fairer realms,
The very nature of his God to share.
Invisibly, yet oh! so mightily,
He thus becomes the prophet of his race;
A living seer with words of mighty force;
A man adorned with every god-like grace.

JOY BELLS.

Joy bells are ringing o'er the fertile plains,
The sunny lanes, and verdant wooded vales;
Joy bells are echoing from the river sides,
The mountain tops, and cool, luxuriant dales;
Joy bells are smothering agonies of mind,
Of soul, heart, brain, affections, memories;
Smothering mental discords, anguish, tears,
Heart breakings, encouraging soul vict'ries.

Joy bells are ringing at the birth of man;
Pealing loudly as joyously weds the youth;
Ringing hosannas for the first-born child;
And swinging out the note for fullest truth.
The morning of our days is short indeed;
Though sweeter far when joy bells make their home
Within the midst of our resourceful hearts,
And leave us not to drear despair and gloom.

The silence of the heavenly, pealing bells
Around the period of one's early youth,
Stealeth away unconsciously the joy,
The imaginative, boundless force of truth.
The joybells absent from the sturdy heart
Of liquid youth reveal the silent night;
Reveal the inner longings, yearnings,
For an awakening ray of spirit light.

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